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DEVOTED TO THE UNDERWATER WORLD

January 1957 35c

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Letters

Hon. Gov. Leroy Collins,
State of Florida,
Tallahassee, Florida

Up to the last few months Mrs. Simonson and myself had intently made plans to enjoy another wonderful vacation in your fair state, as we have done and enjoyed for the past three years. Usually we have gone with friends. Your motels, highways, everglades, Seminole Indian Camps, cypress trees, and Spanish moss, in addition to the vast semi tropical vegetation, and a myriad of other wonders have long been a source of intense enjoyment to us. We always take our camera and enjoy showing our Kodachromes, and at the same time extolling the virtues of Florida to our friends. We have planned some day to make a seasonal home there, preferably in the area of the Keys.

There now appears to be a frustrating factor injected into this plan as well as to our future vacations in your good State. I am a skin diver. You have a law now in a tentative stage, which has been initiated by a minority group in the upper Keys section, that would ban this superb sport. Of all the features of your wonderful State, this is one of your greatest attractions. Florida waters are the finest in the United States.

The group that sponsors this irrational law has been proven to be completely ignorant of the sport which they contend should be condemned. Their greatest contention, which is actually very weak, is that the sport is wasteful of our wildlife. Experiments have exemplified the fact that spearfishing is a much slower way of catching fish than the rod and reel. I might add, as a personal opinion, that considerably more skill is required on the part of the spearfisherman to take worthwhile catches. Unfortunately, our sport is blighted by the "rotten five per-cent" to which many of the negative sentiments of our "rod and reel" friends are attributable. All sporting groups have this element and for these few our game laws must exist.

Laws are the method of curbing the excesses that exist with a new sport and certainly this should apply to spearfishing. You would find, Governor, that most spearfishing groups would be readily receptive to a good, equitable spearfishing law. Spearfishing and skin diving clubs are rapidly showing up in all parts of our country. Organization of this type is a testimony of the popularity of this sport and also an indication of unity is shown which would make for ease of control and group conformity to whatever laws of legalized spearfishing that your State might wish to pass. It would appear that arbitration is the obvious answer since no minority group can logically claim exclusive rights to our oceans!

The State of Oklahoma, our neighbor to the north, just recently recognized spearfishing with the passage of a law which permitted the sport with a reasonable set of limitations. We hope that in the near future our State of Texas will follow suit. We, of the Dallas Divers, Inc., and also the Inland Divers Assoc. of our neighboring city of Fort Worth, have tentatively made plans for visits to Florida this coming summer. These two groups alone

number some 150 potential visitors to your State.

Your waters, Mr. Governor, are considered the "Mecca for skin diving and spearfishermen." Each year thousands of these divers flock to your State to enjoy this asset. They like to come, incidentally, in July, August, and September, during your slack season; just when your tourist industry needs it the most. Surely, you would not allow your legislature in February to pass a law, sponsored by a jealous, mis-informed few, which would squander this fabulous social wealth and potential with which Floridians are blessed.

Rush Simonson,
Richardson, Texas

(Ed. comments)—This letter from Mr. Simonson, who lives several hundred miles away, to the Governor of Florida about legislative matters in Florida should be followed by thousands more from underwater enthusiasts. The Florida situation comes to a head with their February Legislative meeting leaving you little time to write expressing your feelings about underwater Florida. Thank you, Mr. Simonson, for writing this letter and allowing us to publish it for our readers consumption.

ANSWER TO MR. RUSH SIMONSON:

Inasmuch as the sport of spearfishing has become quite controversial in some sections of the State, the Conservation Department has budgeted funds for the next fiscal year for a study of spearfishing. At the end of such study the Board hopes to have the necessary information to further guide the Board and the Legislature in regulating spearfishing. The present rule is effective only until the next session of the Legislature.

Richard W. Erwin,
Attorney General
State of Florida

... I have been looking for rare abalone shells and found two of them this last summer. One I found at Catalina in ten feet of water on an open reef. The other one I found in a dark cave in twenty feet of water near Laguna. Although they are the same type of abalone (green) the one I got in the cave has buffed to a glossy "midnight blue" color, favoring dark blue and purple coloring, while the one I got on the open reef at Catalina buffed to a turquoise and pink coloring. I presume that the one in the cave is so beautiful because it lived in the dark. They both measure nine inches and I treat them with clear, thin oil to preserve their beauty.

N. O. Skeete,
Burbank, Calif.

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SKIN D

Letters

The article "For the Nearsighted" and letters regarding this subject has spurred me on to bring our myopic divers up to date. In the year of 1956 this is only a problem in ancient history; we now have available contact lenses which can be worn constantly, i.e. on the eye 24 hrs. a day, day in and day out.

You have certainly read about underwater contact lenses where a face plate does not have to be worn. These have their place in our present scheme of development but they are not practical for the average spectacle wearer because of reduced wearing time and inability for a diver in our northern waters to stand the cold water on the sensitive tissues about the eyes.

Now a diver, or for that matter anybody who is handicapped in any sport because of glasses can solve this problem by the use of tiny lenses worn under the lids.

A typical diving weekend for a compound myopic astigmat like myself follows: Up at dawn, center my "contacts," drive to Carmel, gear up and hit the water with anybody's face plate. When coming up for bearings, vision perfect, can spot your towel from any distance. Your buddy is happy because he knows you can see him. Back to the beach, play a little ball, run down and pull a Scuba diver out of the surf; any activity is fine. Driving to campsite, building a fire, cooking dinner—Who's handicapped???

Wm. F. Ruegg, O. D.,
San Francisco, Calif.

Re. the article in your September '56 issue, "Reno Diver Unofficially Equals Depth Record." You very carefully state time and place of the dive but neglect to go into the full account of the dive. No one can tell me that this diver made a dive to a depth of 350' with a total elapsed time of 10 minutes without getting the bends.

If your magazine is dedicated to the furtherance of life beneath the sea, publication of half truths, as this article obviously is, does immeasurable harm to those of us trying to educate the public in safe practices of skin diving. Although the article does say these dives are not sponsored by any responsible group, some knuckle-head will think if this guy can do it—so can I.

Diving is a very serious business and before anyone undertakes life in the water he should become a student of diving physics and diving physiology. We have tried to get the sale of Scuba licensed but are told you only need a license for an implement that can kill someone else—not for one with which it is probable you can kill yourself.

I think skin diving will continue to grow by leaps and bounds but if we all try to warn of its dangers and not put out for public consumption these spectacular escapades, the public will be much better informed.

Ben K. Hastings, M.D.

(Ed. Comments)—SD published all of the information on the dive that was made available in a negative attitude. The article was made public for the benefit of divers who might be getting a little careless. Diving to depths with no scheme or planning is ridiculous and dangerous . . . as the reading diver clearly observed.

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SKIN DIVER MAGAZINE

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JANUARY COVER—Ama divers, Japan's gleaners of the sea, are very important to the economy of their country in supplying fish, sea weed, shell fish and also in maintaining the oyster shell and pearly industry. Harry Koyanagi, leading press photographer, has furnished you with a brief pictorial story of these women harvesters at work on page 10. Note their very simple and basic equipment.

Volume VI
Number 1
January, 1957

Editorial

The Los Angeles County Underwater Recreation Program that has busily been instructing new people in skin and scuba diving and training instructors for some for the past couple of years recently completed some reorganization. Don St. Hill, an experienced County lifeguard, has been added to the staff . . . Committees composed of certified instructors have been formed and are working on the various problems . . . A new instructors' class will begin sometime in February . . . Monthly seminars are being conducted to keep the present active and inactive instructors up-to-date on current teaching methods . . . Public classes are being held at many pools throughout the County.

Our new year, 1957, sees skin diving constantly growing and advancing. New and larger companies are joining the industry . . . Underwater education is spreading effectively on a nation-wide basis . . . School biology departments are calling on skin diving students to furnish specimens, fresh ones . . . Big industries are using underwater swimming accessories more as safety equipment and aids . . . "Y's", service clubs, civil defense units, etc. are using and teaching skin diving . . . Several movie companies are preparing stories including more underwater scenes. If last year was good, '57 will be better.

Swimming Backwards . . . On a recent diving trip aboard the "Scuba" to Catalina Island I had the pleasure of observing a most unusual feat of ability. Johnnie Carroll, my buddy for the day, had partially entered a large hole after a choice lobster and encountered a choice moray eel . . . a split second later he literally swam backward out of the hole. Spoiled a good picture. The lobster is still there.

Ice divers . . . the time is here again. Skin Diver will again start running pictures of you warm blooded ice bergs as soon as we receive them. Many interesting comments were received last year when we published the "Under the Ice" series. Let us have them, smiles, names, icicles, picks, ropes, and all. Black and whites only, please.

GREAT LAKES SKIN DIVING COUNCIL

Meeting: January 17, 1957—1 P.M.
South Bend YMCA, South Bend, Indiana
Election of 1957 Officers, program for certification of divers will be discussed. Representatives from all Great Lakes Area diving clubs are urged to attend. Richard A. Metzler, President.

MUDSHARKS WINTER SPEARFISHING MEET

January 20, 1957
Contact in advance for details: Gary Keffler,
535 N. 72nd, Seattle, Washington

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SKIN DIVER—January, 1957

Time trials to encourage . . .

WATER RESCUE AND RECOVERY KNOWLEDGE

Preliminary plans to organize National Water Safety tests

Sometimes it is necessary to go out on a limb to start the ball rolling on what appears to be a good idea . . . With some thought and many details to be worked out we, the editors of "Skin Diver," present this plan to you, the divers, clubs, manufacturers and distributors of diving equipment.

. . . in short, we want to be instrumental in forming and setting up a contest to determine the best life-saving teams in different regions of the U.S.A. We, "Skin Diver," will give medallions, medals or trophies to the winning teams within their area.

. . . anything of this nature needs a title, name or slogan — maybe SKIN DIVER RESCUE & RECOVERY, DIVER RESCUE TIME TRIALS, RESCUE DIVING TEAM, DIVER RESCUE, etc.

. . . as we all know TIME is the most important factor in recovering a drowning swimmer or diver. How do you save time, increase efficiency and make correct decisions? Only by practice, test and study can you be sure you are a competent and worthy buddy to your diving companion or group.

. . . let's suppose that five clubs with ten men each or even fifty unattached divers would gather on the beach of a lake in Michigan, Ohio or the coast of Maine, California or Texas. Two three-man teams from each club is selected to compete, leaving twenty men to regulate, judge and record the results of the contest. If Civil Defense or Red Cross personnel will help, so much the better.

. . . in brief, a swimmer or diver is (for all contests a weighted dummy would be the most ideal victim) observed to be in trouble fifty to one hundred yards from shore. The three man team enters the water with basic swimming aids—fins, mask, snorkel and one inner-tube for all three men—as the gun is fired, a stopwatch is started and at the same time the drowning victim (the weighted dummy) sinks below the surface—the dummy can be dropped from a surfboard or boat at the designated moment. The divers race toward the dummy (recommended depth 20 feet), dive down, bring him up and place him on the tube and immediately start artificial respiration. Yes, artificial respiration can be given on an inner-tube (details available) as the team races the man to shore at the most rapid speed. The drowned or near-drowned victim is raced up to a high and dry spot on the beach and the most

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accepted back pressure, arm lift method of artificial respiration is administered by one team member as the second checks the victim for clogged mouth and nose. The third man treats the victim for shock, summons additional aid, etc. . . . the entire recovery, including five minutes of artificial respiration on shore (as a study of technique for the judges), shouldn't take more than 10 minutes. The entire operation is timed and correlated with points given for efficiency in the water and on shore.

. . . as you can see the plan isn't complete. There are many loose ends . . . What is the maximum time from strangulation on water to restored breathing

before brain damage or death occurs? On what points will the officials judge the participants? Would a contest of this type be of spectator interest? Do you have any ideas or suggestions? All life guards, Red Cross personnel, Civil Defense workers, Doctors, Aquatic directors and divers please write to: the SKIN DIVER, Box 128, Lynwood, California or phone LOrain 7-1367. ➤

PLEASE NOTE

The boxed article on page 26 was inadvertently printed before being proofread. There are several errors, such as the head "Northwest Divers" which should read "NorthEAST Divers," and "Northwest Notes" by Lon Lamont, which should read "NorthEAST Notes" by DON Lamont. Sorry!



Ted Levchenko

Insufficient means of judging comparative values for competitions not attended by the competitors caused a delay in the selection of the 1955 Underwater Spearfishing Athlete of The Year.

The two outstanding underwater spearfishing athletes for 1955 are Ted Levchenko of the New York Blackfish and Franklin Hops of the California Muirmen. At the 1955 National Championships their Individual Aggregate was only 6 ounces apart. This was the only time that they competed together.

At the East Coast Underwater Spear-

1955 Athletes Of The Year

fishing Championship, Ted Levchenko placed first with 25 clubs competing.

At the Pacific Coast Underwater Spearfishing Championship, Franklin Hops placed 3rd with 17 clubs competing. However, the Pacific Coast Championships were attended by only the top 25% of each regional association of the Pacific Coast Conference, making a more difficult group in which to compete.

After considerable deliberation by the Athlete of The Year Committee, the recommendation was made by Bill Schroeder of the Helms Athletic Foundation, to make awards to the two top competitors since their performance was so nearly equal.

Ted Levchenko is 28 years old, weighs 185 pounds and is 6' 1" tall.

Franklin Hops is 32 years old, weighs 185 pounds and is 6' 3" tall.

Both men have had excellent competitive records prior to 1955 but only their performance for the year in which they were chosen is judged for their selection.



Frank Hops

Other nominees for National Underwater Spearfishing Athlete of The Year and the clubs submitting them were: Jerry Bastian of the Monterey Peninsula Sea Otters who has held the highest individual aggregate in the Central California Conference for several years and Jack Opperman of the Pescadores who took the Individual Aggregate at the 1955 Inter-America Underwater Spearfishing Championship in Guaymas, Mexico.

ATHLETE OF THE YEAR COMMITTEE OF THE I. U. S. A.

Ed Gray, Kate Miller, Bill Schroeder, Braven Dyer Jr., Ralph Davis, Chairman.

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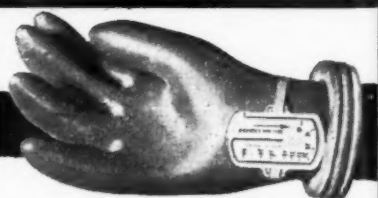
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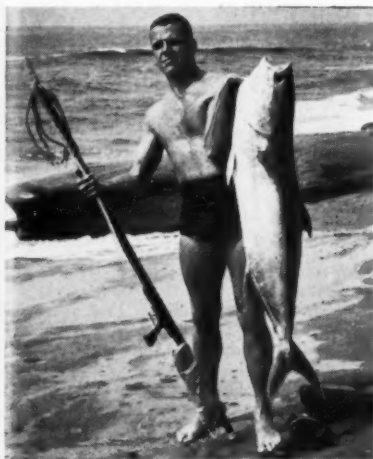
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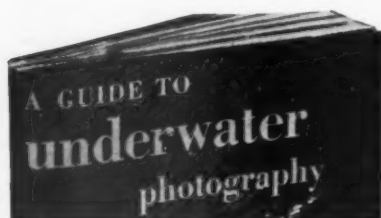
BEV MORGAN—Author of "Diving with Safety", former Director of Los Angeles County Diving Instructor Training.

SKIN DIVER—January, 1957

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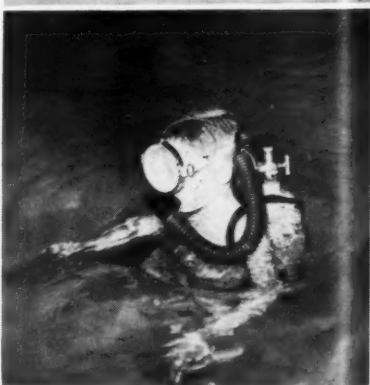
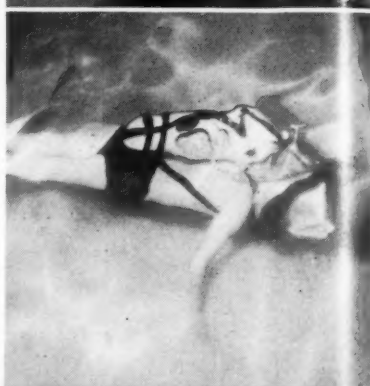
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For several months now I have been instructing my young son, Freddy Schloetzer, age 6, in the use of the basic equipment used in diving.

Top photo shows Freddy practicing with his small size equipment at the Paterson, N.J., YMCA. Freddy learned to swim well at four years of age in the warm waters of Florida's west coast. He has used a mask and fins from the first.

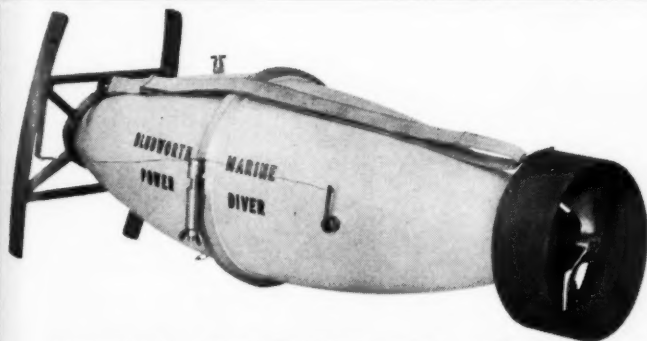
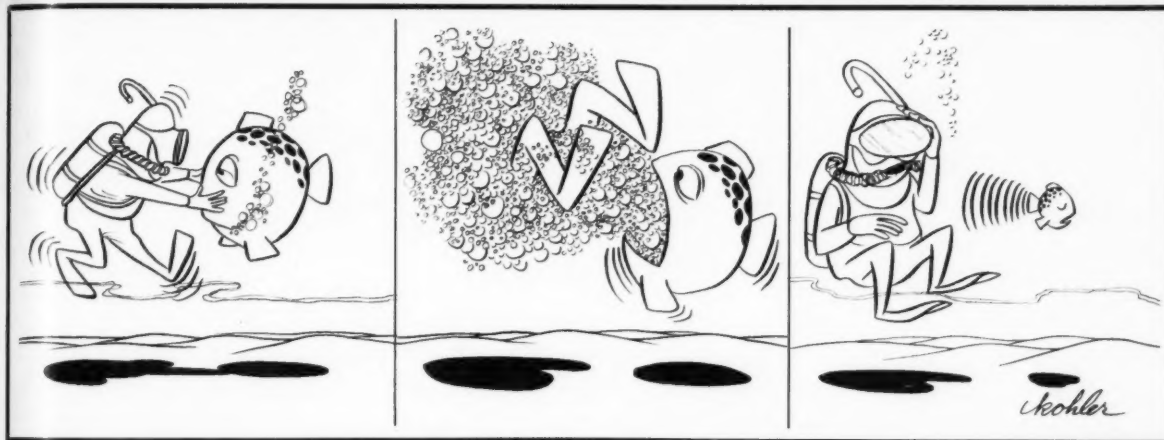
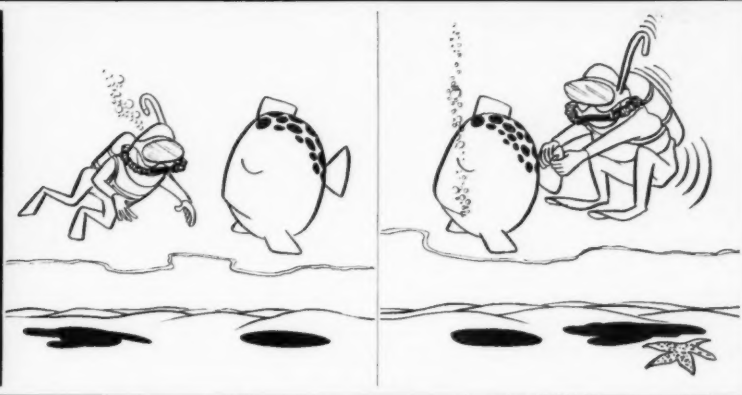
After pushing off for the bottom, Freddy proceeds to the deepest part of the pool to explore the depths. He never goes below 12 feet in any water, which is a depth he mastered months ago with only mask and fins. Final picture shows Freddy surfacing after conquering the Scuba.

Fred Schloetzer, Wyckoff, N. J.

SKIN DIVER—January, 1957

FLIPPER MC SPLASH

by Carl Kohler



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Women Harvesters, the . . .

AMA DIVERS

By HARUO KOYANAGI

Asahi Press Photographer

There are about 20,000 Ama divers throughout the Japanese nation. The majority of them live in the central and south regions in towns and villages along the coastline. They learn to dive in their childhood and can dive to about sixty feet when they become fifteen years old. Under this program the youngsters are trained to hold their breath and health for many profitable seasons.

There are men divers too, but women divers can hold their breath longer thus enabling them to do better jobs underwater. So, while the women are bringing in the sub-surface harvest the men do other odd jobs like making the

fire, cooking meals, driving the boat and other miscellaneous tasks about the boat.

Marine items harvested by the Ama's include Abalone (*Undoria pinnatifida*), Japanese jelly plant (*Gelidium amansii*), sea hedgehog (*Turbo cornutus*), and pearl oyster. The working Ama is from fifteen to fifty years old and dives to an average depth of sixty feet many times each day. Some of the girls go to greater depths but not as often.

Ama divers work all year round when they are in good health but do most of the heavy diving in the summer time. They usually get from two to three million yen, about \$75 per month. >>>

Aquatic Traffic—

*... have you heard
the one about the
woman diver who ...*



Ama divers work close together and are usually seen in pairs, following what might be a practical buddy-system. Extraordinary depths and long periods of time underwater by the lady divers comes only after years of hard work.

Women are recruited for this type of work as they have larger chest capacities and can hold their breath longer than men. Notice that the Amas only wear a face mask while doing their work and do not have the benefit of fins.



The tender above in the boat is usually a man who processes the catch, tends the lines, cooks the food . . . man's work is never done!

llaneous

Abalone
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dives to
Some of

in good
her time.
out \$75

ry, 1957

SKIN DIVER—January, 1957



Parks and the boatman, Radwan, perch on the side of the boat examining some of the coral and a clam. The biggest adventure was out of the water . . . in the middle of the desert.

EGYPTIAN WAR TRAPS DIVERS—

UP TO OUR SNORKELS IN HOT WATER

BY
DAVID C. PARKS

Jaguar and camel travel the same road. Thousands of camels were seen from the highway.



As an American representative for an American Diesel Engine Company, I live, work and play in Beirut, Lebanon where the sparkling blue Mediterranean Sea washes the Middle East shore.

I first started spearfishing and skin diving back in 1948: my training grounds were the rugged reefs surrounding the island of Guam. My equipment was admittedly crude, but it was also effective. For a speargun, I used a broom handle with a sharp nail driven into one end. Goggles were fashioned from bamboo and flashlight lenses. And, although I am much better equipped today, my catches were as good then as they have ever been.

So, if my skill hasn't noticeably improved — my equipment has, anyway. Now I use fine Squalo masks and Voit flippers. I have a number of spring and rubber guns, but I prefer my Mark VII CO₂. My lungs are French made and I'm fortunate enough to own a 2-cfm Cornelius compressor.

Recently, I decided I was about due for a nice, relaxing vacation. What could be nicer or more relaxing than a vacation spent diving, say, in the Gulf of Aquaba? I invited some good friends — Elinore Carlin, an American residing in Beirut, and GeeGee Caminiti,

over from Sicily—to join me. Together we sat down and mapped out our holiday.

If I had known *then* exactly how nerve-wracking the trip was going to be—I'd have stood in bed.

We finally decided to visit a place called Aqaba. This is a small village, at the northern end of the Gulf, where Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Israel and Egypt meet. To reach Aqaba, we would have to pass muster at the Customs Posts of three countries—Lebanon, Syria and Jordan.

And so our vacation began.

With all our gear loaded into a home-made trailer, and that trailer hooked to a 1952 Jaguar XK-120—we merrily wended our way to the first border . . . and the first of our headaches. The Customs Officers, manning these posts, had never seen or heard of spearfishing equipment. We waited fretfully while they examined each piece of gear—over and over again—marveling at such outlandish possessions. If I hadn't been lucky enough to have had a copy of the February 1956 issue of *National Geographic* with me, I'd undoubtedly still be standing there, trying to explain things to those officials. Thank goodness for Cousteau! The Customs people finally began to get the idea of what all our equipment was for. The Rolleimarin really fascinated them. We didn't clear a single post until *after* I'd shot each guard's picture.

Leaving Damascus, we followed the asphalt road which led out across the desert. The only break in the monotonous scenery were the great herds of camels wandering over that barren vastness. I had no idea there were so many camels left in the world. Although, two years previously I had seen a herd of 4,000 of the ungainly beasts while driving through Saudi Arabia.

Our plans were to continue driving on to Amman, where we would have the Jag and trailer loaded aboard a flatcar—shipping them (and us) by rail to a small town called Ma'an. From Ma'an we would tool the Jag and trailer on to Aqaba—and blessed vacation relaxation. What a bunch of dreamers. The trouble began in Amman. If we had been smart, we would've called it a bad day, right there and then, but you know how skin divers can be about having an outing spoiled. . . .

Hitting Amman, we headed for a main hotel and some shuteye. At the hotel we discovered that riots, against the French, were scheduled the next day in protest of the kidnapping of five Moroccan leaders. Remember? All day, Sunday, October 28th, we were imprisoned within the hotel. Outside, the roar of mobs ranging the streets could be heard and I've heard pleasanter noises. We went up to the roof to watch the demonstration. I've seen pleasanter sights, too. There must have been thousands of them—all violently inclined.

Things had quieted down somewhat the following morning and we took off for Aqaba, arriving after dark. Tired and dusty, we cleaned up, tried to get rid of the muscular kinks of the trip (did you ever ride a flatcar with square wheels?) and hit the hay for a good night's snooze.

Early the next day we rented a boat and headed for the reef area. I slipped on a lung and over the side I went. The bottom (at 80 feet) was beautiful and brought back wonderful memories of the Pacific Islands I'd explored in the late forties.

Roaming around on the bottom, admiring the coral, I almost failed to see the fat, old grouper who had eased up behind me to see what gave. I quickly adjusted the Mark VII for full power, took hasty aim—and *wham*—right behind old nosey's gill-plate. Score one for Parks.

On surface, GeeGee was snorking lazily above me and watching the whole show. Everytime the grouper towed me back down, friend GeeGee almost strangled himself with laughter. After awhile he mercifully came down and gave



Dave Parks, the boatman and gear. Behind the barb wire is Saudi Arabia, background is Israel and Egypt. They are standing in Jordan.



Vacationing group convincing Arab Legionnaire of neutrality at Jordanian Customs Post. L-r, Carlin, Arab, Parks and Caminetti.



Desert Nomads getting water from locomotive on which they freighted the car to Aqaba. Parks believes the flatcar had square wheels.

(Continued on Page 32)

"CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY"

By **EDWARD R. GALINDO**

(Photos by **RONNIE MAY** and **JULIUS SIDDON**)

Submitted by **ROBIN KINKEAD**)

Our club, The Golden Gate Aqua Knights, was again planning their annual trip to the Farallon Island; and this was to be the final briefing before we left Sunday morning. Ron May, our president, was again going over the safety rules which had to be followed on a trip of this nature. He read about the safety with guns and diving with a "buddy" (which are standard rules with us on any dive). Then he came to a statement that made us all stop and think. He said, "If you see a shark, consider yourself lucky." Ron continued by saying, "At least if you see him you have a chance to do something!" Although sharks are relatively rare in this area, on this trip the possibility had to be considered.

For those of you who are not familiar with the Farallon Island—it is a part of

a bleak and barren buried underwater mountain chain that just managed to break the surface of the water. It is 26 miles from the coast line of San Francisco and is located in completely open sea—thus the concern for sharks.

We left from scenic Fishermen's Wharf at 6:00 a.m. Sunday morning aboard the "New Holiday" skippered by Fred Morini. It was a warm, still morning and as we slipped under the beautiful Golden Gate Bridge and headed for open sea we looked back to see the sun rising in fiery brilliance over a still sleeping San Francisco.

As our trip would take about three hours, we all settled back for a long and much needed rest. The single men of our crew (after a long Saturday night) retired to the cabin to try to claim a small section of the two double

bunks. Myself, being an "old married man," had to be content with checking the equipment and securing our twenty-eight tanks across the rear of the boat to prevent them from rolling and pitching in the rough water we expected to encounter.

After two hours of anxious waiting, one hardy soul (the Captain) sighted land far off in the early morning haze. All hands came alive to watch us complete the last hour of the trip. We saw, as we got closer, how barren the island really is. There is no vegetation of any kind. It is nothing but a lone rock rearing its head out of the vast expanse of the Pacific. The only life on the Island is a small Coast Guard Station that even has to have its water shipped out from the mainland to be stored in large tanks.

As we tied our boat to a buoy about one-hundred yards from the Island, members of our group began to suit-up. Ron May and I were to stand the first safety watch, and by a prearranged signal of five shots over the stern of the boat were to warn all divers of any danger. Members of our sixteen-man group began to dive and soon returned to the boat with many large fish from this virgin fishing ground. As you can probably guess, Ron and I who had been diving together for three years were quite anxious to try our hand. Soon we were given the opportunity as fellows started returning after having exceptionally good luck.

We suited-up and jumped into the water, cleared our suits of air and headed down. The water was quite clear, and at about thirty-five feet we could make out the contour of the bottom. At sixty-five feet we reached a rocky bottom and started swimming away from the boat. We continued along the bottom—stopping now and then to examine anchors and chains lost by ships who tried to seek refuge from



Farallon looms up grey and bleak as the Aqua Knights prepare for a day of adventure.

Pacific storms off the island. The area abounded with fish of many different species. Ron and I proceeded to shoot some of the larger Ling Cod and Cabezone (some of which weighed as much as twenty pounds).

Due to the depth at which we were working, we found it more practical to string the fish on our guns. We now fully realize what a bad practice this is and was the first and last time I shall ever do it! We continued downward until we reached a depth of about eighty feet, and found ourselves in a large, natural amphitheatre abounding with fish of far better than average size. About two hundred perch circled slowly overhead. We realized that excellent fishing would be had here.

Ron swam over a large rock and saw lying on the bottom a three-foot Ling-Cod. He shot but due to the fish already strung on his line the shaft fell short. I quickly swam over to where it had disappeared under a rock and was greeted by not only the cod but also a cabezone of about twenty pounds. I decided to shoot the Ling Cod and try again for the Cabezone later. As I shot the ling, he suddenly became full of fight and his blood flowed freely in the clear water. However, he finally tired and was added to my rapidly growing string of fish.

I looked for Ron and saw that he too had made another kill. I turned back to see if I could find my cabezone... there he was, under the same rock showing no sign of fear. As I shot, the hole under the rock seemed to explode. Sediment came billowing out of both sides. I pulled out my shaft only to find that the barbs had not opened and my fish had slipped off, but it was still in its hole stirring up the bottom with its wild thrashing. I quickly reloaded and looked up just in time to see the cabezone shoot out of its refuge and throw itself into the rocks, dying and yet putting all its ebbing life into one, last burst for freedom as it disappeared over a large rock near Ron. I swam over to finish the job. While I was there, Ron shot a cabezone that would have gone twenty-five pounds. As he shot, the fish moved and all his shaft found was a small section of the tail. The fish, still very much full of fight, tried to tear itself loose but to no avail.

I decided to look for my mortally wounded fish, but by this time the bottom was completely stirred up. As I peered through the now murky bottom, Ron suddenly pulled at my arm. I thought that Ron had really seen a big one. As I turned around to see, I knew he had! There hanging in the water not fifteen feet from us was a huge shark. I would estimate that he was between twelve and fifteen feet long. Although Ron later said that at that dis-



Sonny Ellis was first in the water, others are suiting up for the dive. Club safety procedure required two men on the boat at all times.

tance "It filled my mask!" Suddenly my knees went weak—my heart jumped into my mouth. Only someone who has seen such a large shark will know what we felt. We swam directly toward it yelling... he did not move. It then started to circle us at about thirty feet. It was three or four feet thick at the center and tapered down to a large tail. He had a single dorsal fin, but as he swam nothing moved except his tail. As he circled, we could see his huge teeth and cold, lifeless eyes.

We were helpless!

Fortunately, I remember which direction the boat was in and we swam as quickly as we could; but could not make good time dragging all our fish on the lines and finally had to cut them loose. All this time the third "member" of our trio was circling closer and closer. Ron fumbled with his knife for what seemed an eternity. At last he cut his line and took a slice at mine, cutting not only my line but my finger as well. As the fish drifted slowly downward, the shark made one pass and finished them; and then returned promptly to us!

We were heading for the boat as quickly as possible, but as luck would have it I ran out of air. On the bottom we felt helpless—on the surface we felt lost. As we headed up, the shark followed us making tighter and tighter circles. At about fifteen feet he turned directly toward us. Our guns were useless so all we could do was turn toward it and make the biggest bluff of our lives. We swam toward it and yelled at the top of our lungs. He veered off about seven feet from Ron and I could see him being moved with the swirl of water made by the shark's tail.

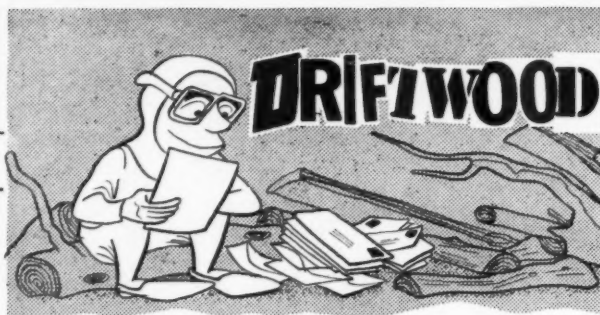
(Continued on Page 34)



Paul Barnes gets an assist from Ronnie May.



Ready to go over the side is Bill Aines. Coast Guard Station in background.



Hello, you colorful characters. Now that 1957 has been roistered in and you've carefully made up your lists of Good Resolutions (and probably broken every one of them already), we can settle down to this business of reading each other's zany opinions and twisted viewpoints. Your amazing letters have continued to increase in number, and it warms the chuckles of my heart to see how lightly you're taking this very absurd department. And now, let's paddle out of my shallow philosophy and sound the deeper stuff . . .

THE SMALLER FRY

I am 13 years old and I like skin diving very much. I own a Bess-C Spring Gun. I dive around the Pacific side of the Canal Zone with friends. The water is usually clear as crystal. My mother doesn't want me diving until I'm older. Do you agree with her?

Oscar R., Balboa, Canal Zone

Well, kiddo, it depends. If you're aware that spearfishing is a man-size sport and requires man-size caution, and you observe both your own physical limitations and the rules of safe diving—I see no reason why you shouldn't begin learning the game now. However, if you're treating it like a child's game, diving alone and ignoring caution—I agree with your mother.

I'm a very good swimmer and I'm dying to learn how to skin dive, but my big brother says it's no sport for girls—and especially 15-year-old girls like me. I think he's being real unfair about it, and I know I would make a good diver if he would only teach me how to be one. Do you think it's no sport for girls, Kohler? My brother says he'll go by what you say.

Mary Kay G.
Olympia, Washington

Stop being a selfish stinker, Brother, and teach the kid how to dive. You afraid of competition or something?

I'll bet I'm the youngest spearfisherman in my part of the country who catches fish every time he goes diving. I'm 11 years old and I've been spearfishing for three years. My dad taught me how to do it and now he's teaching me how to use SCUBA. On our last trip to Lake Cumberland I caught more fish than he did!

Freddy W.
Covington, Kentucky

Keep on bragging like that, sonny, and your old dad just might start leaving you at home. Honestly, this younger generation. . .

DEPARTMENT OF ASSORTED HEADACHES

What is the normal reaction of Barracuda when a member of a large school is speared? Or is it better to leave them alone?

Bob F., Lung Busters
East L.A., California

Ye gods! You Lung Busters better ground this boy until he gets over these notions.

It's my considered opinion, Kohler, that you fail to reply sensibly to sensible questions simply because you have neither the information, the experience or the general know-how to give a factual, constructive answer when a reader asks a serious and sensible question. Isn't that about the size of it?

Theodore B.
Charleston, S.C.

Stop beating around the bush and ask me a sensible question.

I think your page is a panic! We are new subscribers, here. I say "we" on account of I carry in the mail and since it's the only mag we get—I gotta read it or nothing. Several of your fans appear eager for some sort of contest to come from your page. So I'm here

to set the record for the longest letter you've received so far! (Buddy, you've had it!) Now about that joker in Chicago who thinks the Little Woman should oughta stay home and not mudd up his diving trips: What I want to know is, who the devil totes his gear for him? Mind if I use both sides of the sheet? Saves postage! Now, being a Smart One, you've no doubt realized I'm no diver. My husband is—in fact, he was smitten only this past summer. (With you or with diving?) But he's plum nuts about it (Oh.) and thinks I should indulge. I'm not real hot on the idea—I suffer from Clastro—Clastropho—well, my doctor can spell it, and it means I don't like being hemmed in—like in a diving mask with 40 pounds of tank strapped to me. (This I gotta see: somebody 'hemmed into' a mask.) But I enjoy sitting up on the jetty (or whatever there is to sit on) and watching the air bubbles bloop to the surface. Now some gals may be the type (Easy there, girl!), so I figure I'll look interested so's I can go along and keep a lookout for them while I try to work up my nerve to dive myself. How about that guy in Detroit? (Yeah, how about him. Who?) He admits he never bought a copy of the Skin Diver but he knows all about its contents and don't like it. I've seen those kind, all hunched over the tomato-soup shelf in the super-market, reading for free while their wife wrestles four kids and did the shopping. A neurotic tightwad, at best! (Who—the wife or the four kids?) That Sid Something-Or-Other wants to know how you hold your job. Well, even if the stuff you turn out wasn't good (and it is), I can understand your continuing. It seems you fellas operate on a low budget (Sis, that's an understatement if I ever heard one) since submitted manuscripts don't reap payment. How come? (We're neurotic tightwads.) Your wit seems to draw response from quite a few women—or do you just pamper more of them by printing their letters? (Do I ask you personal questions like that?) Don't fret yourself about setting up type on my account. The only place my name in print gives me a thrill is right after where it reads Pay To The Order Of—But, anyhow, I'm glad to see you give the girls copy-space. After all, we deserve some recognition. Aren't we the ones that mend the seat of the worn pants we can't throw away 'cause this skin diving gear is expensive! And wet-suit, dry-suit—none can warm a chilled diver like his own best girl. (Ooh, what you said!) If I burn the roast, supper's over and my skin diver ain't gonna be so happy—so I'll submit this to start the record. (That is, if you want to set up competition with it.)

P.N.W.
San Antonio, Texas

Man, these Texas girls write big letters, eh.

I have a marvelous suggestion for you. How about insisting all letter writers include a photo of themselves, and then print it above their published letter. This way, we could see what we look like.

Hannah Lee S.
Norfolk, Virginia

Ever try a mirror, honey?

In reading your Driftwood articles, it brings to mind a method of protection against sharks and barracuda which some of your readers may want to try. Several of my friends and myself dive in the Great Salt Lake, Utah, which you know is quite heavily populated with sharks and barracuda. Our method of keeping these pesky beasts at their proper distance is quite simple. We had our left arms amputated (amputate your right arm if you're left-handed) and replaced by a wooden arm. When a man-hungry fish comes, we merely extend our left arm and allow the fish to eat its fill. As the wood is lighter than water, the fish rises to the surface. Then, our tender (in the boat) knocks the fish in the head with a black-jack—rendering it unconscious. He then wallops the fish in the belly with a baseball bat—dislodging the parts of the wooden arm from its stomach. These are collected and, after a glue job, sand-papering and a little painting, are as good as new. After

several seasons of diving, about 50 cans of glue, 500 sheets of sandpaper and many gallons of pink paint—we find the fish don't bother us anymore. I guess they know us by now.

Glenn W., Toledo Sub-Mariners
Toledo, Ohio

Wanna know what I think? I think this is not only a sneaky, sly and unethical way to skin dive—I also think it's dangerous: suppose they go for your legs?

I am afraid of sea-urchins. Everytime I go underwater—the whole place is lousy with sea-urchins. This not only spoils my diving, but is giving me bad dreams at night. Kohler, can you direct me to a good place for diving where there isn't a sea-urchin for miles and miles?

Jack F.
St. Petersburg, Florida

Sure. There are no sea-urchins in Lake Michigan.

POTPOURRI AND STUFF

Despite all the Squares who chop you down all the time (with a few smart exceptions), I love *Driftwood*. Even with dead starfish. Say, by the way, an earlier letter aroused my interest (Besides Jeanne D.) Is there a legal limit on Manta Ray?

Dan B.
Pasadena, California

You, too? I'm refusing to answer that question on the grounds that having no answer might tend to incriminate me for ignorance.

Pardon the green ink as where I'm writing this the colors are different, you know. Four thousand feet down, off the island of Heeper-Jeeper, testing my revolutionary new "Easy-One-Way-Pak"—retails \$1.98, c/o Bedlam Industries. Turning to the lighter side, do you know anyone who has one of those mouthpiece-regulators with only one line? I'm mainly interested in the problem of the exhaust valve (which is on the mouthpiece) blowing bubbles in front of your faceplate. Much of a problem . . . hmmm?

Berg W.
Rome, New York

Well, only when the tide hits from the West.

Kohler, there an extraordinary chap you should check-out for tremendous story possibilities. His name is Earl Murray and he works down at Scripps Marine Lab. This guy has made the discovery of the century: he recently dove to such a terrific depth that the bubbles from his helmet became too heavy (from the extreme pressure, as I understand it) and sank before his horrified eyes. Isn't this astounding news?

Quenton J.
San Diego, California

Does Diver Murray care to defend his good name?

Tell me, Kohler: I have a serious question to ask about the use of an equipment. Who should I address it to?

Doctor Ben
Mont-Laurier, Canada

Mais certainement, Monsieur Docteur. J'adoue. In other words, address your question to the manufacturer and don't blame me if you get a serious answer.

Did you know the *Skin Diver* is responsible for my meeting the most wonderful guy in this world! We were standing next to each other, at a newsstand, reading copies of the *Skin Diver* when he turned and asked me if I liked diving. I told him I've been a spearfishing enthusiast ever since I was sixteen—and he asked me to have coffee with him. Now we're engaged to be married and I assure you that we're going to look forward to many, many years of diving together.

Martha Ellen T.
Port Angeles, Washington

Oh, shucks, it warn't nuthin, really.

Okay, wise guy. You've had your fun. It's plenty obvious you don't know whether or not there's a legal limit on Manta Ray. You've sure displayed your stupidity by dodging the issue and giving out a lot of stalling. Why can't you just come right out and admit you don't know? I don't mind saying that your snide answers have made me pretty sore and I've got half a mind to come over there and knock the silliness out of you.

Jerry N.
Long Beach, California

Will somebody offer to hold his coat? I work in my shirtsleeves. On second thought, I better refuse to do battle; I have yet to be found guilty of fighting a man with only half a mind.

SKIN DIVER—January, 1957



Make fun of me, huh! Half your dead starfish, my eye! I'd rather have one dead Carl Kohler! Hold still, you worm!

Laura Louise H.
Corvallis, Oregon

Gee, Laura, I didn't know you could draw. Pretty nice, if not exactly the most kindly thing in the world. Tell me: do you really look that good in a bathing suit—or do you, too, exaggerate like crazy in your artwork?

Like your *Driftwood* page very much. Maybe you can help me. I'm a lady Lung Diver and would very much like to correspond with some other gals who are interested in the sport. Could you arrange this? I'll take a dead starfish off your hands if you have any to spare. Thanks very much.

Mrs. Marilyn Dixon
Apt. 207
3250 Garfield Avenue, South
Minneapolis 8, Minnesota

You're welcome, Marilyn. Any of you alleged women divers out there wanna pen-pal? Here she is.

I'm a discriminating, tall, dark and handsome type—age 24, single and artistically inclined—who would very sincerely like to hear from any skin diving girls whose interest in the sport is not a mere disguise to catch a husband. I have my doubts about finding a girl whose intelligence, diving experience and interest will match mine; but if the feminine twaddle isn't too dull—I'll be happy to reply to any letters.

Jim Williams
Box 326, La Habra, Calif.

I've printed your letter, buddy: you're on your own from here out—and God be with you.

Your magazine is popular, here in Venezuela, too, among us skin divers (I'm the one who drags the fish aboard, all the doity work). Most of the time, though, I'm the "buddy" in the "system." While reading the September and October *Driftwood* pages, which, incidentally, I enjoy tremendously—I came upon poor Jerry N. and his Manta Ray of Long Beach, I wonder whether you realize how much you are frustrating the poor fellow. He's asking a simple question, isn't he? Now be a good sport and answer him. And don't try to thound real thuperior like, either—you mean thing you! I'm mad to know what you look like, too. So how about that picture? Best regards and congratulations to you and the Missus on your wonderful sense of humor.

Julie M.
Caracas, Venezuela

Senora, you waste the sympathy. If that creep doesn't get out of my incoming mail, I may have to . . . say, how's the housing down your way, anyhow?

LAST MINUTE ANNOUNCEMENT

. . . I'm going to offer a prize of \$10.00 for the best poem received within the next twenty days. Keep your verse to no more than six lines, keep it clean and keep it funny. I won't consider any high-brow stuff stolen from Walter Benton. I insist it have an underwater theme. Anyone for easy money? Keep diving safely and sanely, and I'll meet you out here at the same old channel-buoy next month. . . .

KOHLER



Shell diver, using light skin diving equipment in shallow water, gathers the lucrative nacre snail. Meat is not used.

SEA SHELLS in the SEYCHELLES

The Green Snail shells are difficult to spot as they are perfectly camouflaged. The divers outstretched hand is just over one.



Few people realize that most of the so-called, "Mother-of-Pearl" products are not made from the Pearl Oyster at all, but from completely different species of molluscs. These include Trochus, (or Pagoda Shell), Haliotis (or Hare), and Turbo Mammoratus (or Green Snail).

It was to collect the last named of these, the Green Snail, that I went to the Seychelles recently. Previously, there had been no commercial shelling activities in these waters; but on receiving information and samples of Green Snail taken from the area, I thought it might be worth a visit.

The Green Snail, as its name implies, resembles nothing so much as an extra large variety of that common garden pest. The adult will weigh anything from one to three and a half pounds, (flesh removed). On the outside the shell surface is knobby and uninteresting, but beneath its dull green surface lies layer upon layer of nacre, in places a quarter of an inch thick. It is from these inner layers that shirt buttons, costume jewelry and backing for scientific instruments are made, among other things. This shell is not rare, on the contrary, in tropic waters it is one of the most common of the Marine Gastropods. If the sea is warm, (about 78°F), and fairly free from coral, you stand a good chance of finding them in anything from twenty to forty-eight feet of water. To be commercially worthwhile, though, they must be there in large quantities—measured not in tens but in tons—that is the snag.

On arrival at Mahé, capital island of the Seychelles, the first surprise was to find that here these shells inhabited much shallower depths, being mainly found in six to fourteen feet with occasional colonies at twenty to twenty-five. This immediately rendered surplus much of my equipment, the lungs, diving helmets and shell baskets, since a normal swimmer equipped with mask and fins could operate single-handed from a canoe along the rocky coast where the shells were to be found. This indeed was exactly what was going on, which explained away the seeming richness of the preliminary reports. I had known that there were no real divers in these islands and had supposed the earlier yields of shells to have been composed of those brought up by line fishermen or found in fish traps—and on these indications a large quantity of shell might be expected.

As it was, the area comprised very poor shelling, but even so the journey was well worthwhile, since it enabled me to see how local boys of very limited means had managed to turn their chief pastime, spearfishing, into a profitable business. Before these shallow-water "pockets" of Green Snail had been largely wiped out by their activities, it

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was not unusual for a diver to collect sixty or even ninety shells in an afternoon. Since these were sold for at least 40 cents each (U.S.), a weekend's diving could pay for a year's supply of goggling equipment.

The Green Snail shell of the Seychelles has a definite preference for granite ledges and slopes, which fact the local mask divers were quick to find out. Most of them, having no boats of their own, teamed up with Creole canoe-fishermen, in order to reach the rocky headlands and desolate granite slopes that form the island's remoter parts.

It was off such cliff that the accompanying underwater photographs were taken. The Green Snail shells, lightly covered with the same coralline deposit that coats the granite on which they rest, are very difficult to spot and beginners will swim directly over nine out of ten and never see them at all.

(Photographers may be interested to note that all these were taken on a completely overcast day at a camera depth of sixteen feet, using Pan X 35 mm. film, rated at Weston 160 and developed in Ergol.)

Close inshore like this, the shell divers are not troubled too much by the larger predatory fish. There are a lot of small and timid shark up to six feet in length, and a few large and ferocious looking but merely curious, Barracuda, of five or six feet. Occasionally, however, one does get a larger and more aggressive shark, usually in the wake of shoals of Benito or Horse Mackerel that have swum in for refuge. The most unpleasant of these is a type of Mako, known locally as "Menton Bleu," and which has a bad reputation. The week prior to taking these photographs the subject, Albert Durand, had been rushed by such a specimen and only got away after ramming his harpoon gun down its mouth, which resulted in dire damage to the gun but none apparently to the Mako, which merely drew off sufficiently to allow him to scramble into the pirogue, (a type of local canoe), alongside.

The less experienced divers usually give a very wide berth also to the giant Rock-Cods; but by now the individual behavior of each of these eight-foot monsters is pretty well known and out of the twenty or so total that have their homes in the dark fissures that split the submarine granite cliffs, only two have shown any active resentment at being disturbed.

It is indeed a pity that the prospects of successful "Shelling" in the Seychelles are very unlikely, and that these amateur and enthusiastic divers will shortly find that their goggling has become again what it was originally, a rather expensive (by their standards) and unremunerative luxury. »



Typical Green Snail terrain. Granite lightly covered with coral growths. Shells are worth about forty cents each.

Author and Photographer

WILLIAM TRAVIS

**MAHU, SEYCHELLES
INDIAN OCEAN**

Cleaning green snail shells. Creole fishermen chip off the coral deposit from the shells on board a local schooner.





Hand in hand the Dowells explore an underwater world of kelp forests and rocks covered with brightly colored vegetation.

Sub-Surface Family



Chet and Phyllis Dowell

Photography By MART TOGGWEILER

No one can seriously deny that skin diving is predominantly a male sport—but more than this, unfortunately, many a skin diver's spouse will assume an attitude varying from apathy to that of being outright hostile. Let me hasten to add however, that I am sure a majority try to show a reasonable degree of interest and in some cases, actually participate.

Certainly this is no problem for Chet Dowell of Redondo Beach.

Both his wife, Phyllis, and freckle faced boy, Mike, are good sailors and enthusiastic divers. Chet is the very able first mate aboard the "Maray" on the Catalina run, and right from the beginning Phyllis made it clear she wasn't going to be left out of the fun.

Being a better than average swimmer and spring board diver, she easily passed a pool course of Scuba instruction. So far she is content to be a "birdwatcher" in the beautiful submarine gardens surrounding Catalina and Chet is quite happy to leave it that way—after all, too much competition in one family may not be a good thing. Already Mike is demanding his own ab iron and speargun, but Chet is wisely keeping him at the weightless snorkeling stage for a while longer.

As these pictures show, everybody in this family gets wet and a direct by-product is the reward of sights and adventures mutually shared.

Diving couple, their hands still clasped, stop and study an unusual shell picked off the bottom. Their son is rapidly becoming an accomplished diver, however Chet does not let him use Scuba as yet.



There's nothin' like a buddy . . . especially if it's your wife!



Always together, the couple glide over a sandy bottom. Two pairs of eyes searching for interesting shells and fish life.

SKIN DIVER—January, 1957



Chet, who makes regular weekly excursions on the "Maray" skin diving boat, found that he could not leave the missus behind. Result, much closer family relationship.

ON THE THIRD MONDAY of August, 1955, at five o'clock in the morning a strange vehicle rolled out of a driveway in Los Angeles, Calif. This vehicle appeared to be a sports car with a tremendously exaggerated rear end, and such, in fact, it was. So began our trip to Guaymas, Son, Mexico.

Bob Briant, my companion on the trip, and I had been planning these two weeks in Mexico for many months. We picked the two weeks preceding Labor Day because it fitted in with our vacation schedules and in order to avoid the inevitable Labor Day traffic. We chose Guaymas because neither of us had been there before and both had heard good reports of the diving. After many nights over maps, food lists and budget sheets we were at last on the road.

The Santa Ana Freeway from Los Angeles let us out on Highway 101 which we took down to the Mexican border. Bob, being a newcomer to California, had never been to Tijuana and wanted to stop by there to get tickets for the Labor Day bull fights which we were planning to see on the way back. I had not been to the town in several years and wanted to see if it had changed. It hadn't.

Coming back up from the border we got onto Route 94 from Chula Vista

There were more crickets in any given square yard than the average person sees in a lifetime. Neither Bob nor I was very choosy about whom we shared the sack with, it was only when they started to come in great numbers that we drew the line. We slept that night in a \$2.00 hotel where, with wet hand towels (furnished by the management) we spent the first half hour in an inglorious battle with seven of these insects. It may be said to the credit of the town that none of the fish we later speared showed half the fight, pound for pound, as the crickets of Yuma.

We hit the road early next morning. The 255 miles from Yuma to Tucson was uneventful except for some localized rain storms that we tried to accelerate or decelerate ourselves into as they passed over the road. They were wonderfully cooling.

The pace we set was "low and slow." The 200 odd pounds slung over the rear of the M.G. gave considerably more "drift" on turns, although it did not effect its straight-line performance appreciably. This was what we had with us: In the small space behind the seats were our waterproof bag of clothes, the sleeping bags, a big Zenith radio, and a ten litre can of gas, as well as all the miscellaneous equipment. On the back, slung over the spare tire, was a large Army pack containing two weeks' food.

in Nogales, where we bought what few perishable items we needed, checked the car over, and with appropriate solemnity, drank our last drink of State-side water. There was only a slight delay in crossing the border, and a \$2.00 "service charge" excused us of the necessity of having the car searched.

Being used to the Baja California side of the Gulf, the mainland scenery was a surprise. Expecting a desert, we found instead gently rolling country, alternately brown and green. The highway was well surfaced and graded, and was often straight literally as far as the eye could see. As is usual on Mexican roads any speed you set for yourself must be offset by equally good braking and handling characteristics at that speed because of the many "immovable objects" encountered. These usually take the form of small dead animals or large live animals. As in Europe, the horn is an instrument played strictly for amusement. We found, however, that giving the engine 4-5 thousand rpm on open exhausts put all live animals in the bushes in short order. When the animal is both large and dead good brakes are needed.

We had a leisurely lunch by the roadside and proceeded on through Hemisillo, making Guaymas in about five hours. The remainder of the third day was spent in setting up camp in a little cove north of Bocachibampa beach.

VACATION IN MEXICO

and traveled to U.S. 80, which we then followed into El Centro. Route 94 turned out to be a winding but good road that took up through some very pretty hill country which made up for the extra mileage.

By far the hottest part of a hot trip was the stretch between El Centro and Yuma. It was 112° in the shade when we passed through in the afternoon and, as the saying goes, "no shade."

The night of the first day was spent in Yuma, Ariz., but not in the way that we had expected. Operating on a close budget, we had planned to sleep out, but the insect situation in Yuma soon changed our minds. We were casually informed by a bartender that this was the wet season, and that the crickets were a "little heavy this year." The understatement of this was frightening.

On the left of that was my 80 minute tank, on the right another waterproof bag containing all our diving and camping gear. On the night before our departure several hours were spent in packing and re-packing the car, and there was no space, no matter how small, that wasn't occupied by something. Two things we learned concerning the transporting of tanks across deserts: Because of the heat it's a good idea not to have your tank charged, and definitely tape your valve shut to keep out the dirt and dust. In addition, it gave us some peace of mind to know that the cartridge of my CO₂ gun, which was riding up front with us, was enclosed in an insulated bag.

We saw a show that night in Tucson, slept in an alfalfa field, and were off before dawn next morning. Breakfast was

The next morning skin diving went into gear with a vengeance, but it didn't take us long to find out that the bay at which we were set up was much too shallow for good diving. There was a promising looking rock several hundred yards out, but it seemed a long way for only two divers. On the second day, however, two more divers arrived, and we all planned to go out together the next day.

It was a good half hour swim across a light current out to the island. We put our lungs on our tubes, along with our lunches, weights, guns, cameras (these other fellows were photographers), and pushed them ahead of us. Small fish were plentiful, but no large ones. We saw some fish that were, as Bob said, "as big as garbage can lids," but were told that these were inedible.

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We had as many of the 4-5 pound yellowtail as we could use within an hour, and spent the rest of the day exploring and looking for the "big ones." Two days were spent in this island's waters without seeing anything really good, but this did not prevent us from enjoying ourselves at night when, over a low fire, we turned to with knife and fork on a tender, flaky, gently seasoned fillet of yellowtail.

On the morning of the fifth day two carloads of divers arrived at our camp. They were sent up by the air station at Bocachibampa Beach, five miles to the south of us. They had no better luck with our bay than we did, and we all decided to get one of the boats available at the air station and try other stretches of the coast.

The next morning while charging our lungs at the air station, we heard that most any of the fishermen would be willing to take us out in exchange for the better part of our catch. Since all of us were independent of our catch for food this turned out to be a good arrangement, eliminating the boat rental. We loaded our gear into an old and weathered double ended canoe powered by a five horse outboard. The party consisted of three divers, the Mexican skipper and his young helper. We headed out past the islands standing close to shore to a lonely rock pinnacle lying

tion was very unusual. Toward the end of the day the skipper took us over to another island that had a reputation for bugs. On a low stretch of shoreline where the water was 7-8 feet deep and the bottom was covered with coconut-sized rocks, we found enough bugs to keep us in lobster Newberg for a month. Spaced at intervals over the rocky bottom were piles of larger rocks, and hiding among them were the bugs. Every hole had its selection, and if you were quick you could take your pick of succulent youngsters and old timers. The skipper's young helper turned out to be an old hand with lobsters and brought up more than any of us. Within an hour we had two large boxes full of furious lobsters, enough for the skipper, ourselves and our friends as well.

The next day Bob and I moved down to Bocachibampa. In spite of the beautiful scenery at our little cove to the north, the poor diving made it an impractical location. Bocachibampa had a fresh water supply and the air station was close at hand. We slept on the beach in front of the big hotel there, although there is a trailer park and camp ground at the air station where fresh water, bath room and shower facilities are available for \$1.00 per day. Our main reason for leaving, though, was the mosquitoes. In our old camp, when the sun went down the mosquitoes

EXO • • • ON A SHOESTRING

By B. W. F. PISCHEL

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quite a way out. It dropped off below the water almost as sharply as it rose above. Free dives occupied most of the morning, and several nice fish in the 5-8 pound class were brought in, but still no big ones.

Later that morning I put on my lung and circled the island at about 50 feet. On the north side I ran into three bass, the only ones, so far as I know, seen in the weeks that we were in the area. They were lying at the bottom of a little sand valley in the mass of rocks. Because of a bit of localized clouding in the water, I could not make out what kind they were, but they were in the 40-50 pound category. Unfortunately they were pretty jumpy, and I could not get next to them. We were later told that the big fish had been unusually scarce that year and that this condi-

tion came out. This in itself would not have been so bad had it not been complicated by other things. The weather, even at night, was much too hot to hide in a sleeping bag; the bag was sopping wet inside of minutes. Repellent did little good, as we were perspiring so heavily we could keep it on only a short while. Ideal as our life was during the day, it was almost outbalanced by the miserable situation at night. We assumed this situation to be general until our friends from Bocachibamba informed us that their camp was quite free of mosquitoes. It took us less than an hour to break camp.

Several of us decided one day to have a trip together, and since none of the fishermen's crafts were big enough, we

(Continued on Page 35)



Various snapshots taken by Pischel and Briant on their \$65 vacation in Mexico. Economy minded boys "Roughed It."

For girls only . . .

HOW TO HIT THE WATER

By SYLVIA KOHLER

Illustrated by an honorary Clam



"Pick the best looking, best muscled man, nearby . . ."

My husband has written, occasionally, of skin diving and spearfishing, and while he's all very amusing about it—I find it peculiar that he never mentions how often *he* is left on the beach to watch the children and brew coffee. For the benefit of those wives of spearfishermen, who may be reading this, I'd like to touch upon my methods of changing roles with the dauntless adventurer; and thereby prove to you girls—it's *more than possible to get into the water if you plan it carefully.*

Let's assume that, like me, you have a family sedan, three youngsters and a husband who imagines himself some kind of a seagoing Tarzan, Cousteau and Buster Crabbe, combined. Let's also assume that for quite sometime the average day's outing has consisted (for you) of a harried day's herding of the ram-paging youngsters, brewing endless pots of coffee, keeping the houseapes out of the campfire and—generally—doing all the dull chores instead of getting in a little water-time yourself. Naturally, Friend Husband thinks you should be aglow with delight and gratitude to content yourself with dragging the youngest child out of the surf or romping with all three in the shallows; and *that's*

where he's been wronger than wrong for quite sometime.

Consider Method A. I stumbled upon it by chance, one afternoon at Laguna, and it still works very effectively—when not used too often. We had just arrived and unloaded the car. I lugged a heavy assortment of cookery across the sand, wearing a sad, sad face and sighing audibly. Several times, I stopped to wipe my brow and comment on how nice and cool the ocean looked that day.

"You want to take a dip while I'm putting on my suit?" asked Friend Husband, using a tone of insincerity which *dared* me to take him up on it.

"*You bet!*" I screeched, joyously.

He sat there, stunned, while I enjoyed a two hour swim. I know very well why he was confused: he's been making that polite, routine offer for years. I never pay any attention to it. I'm not expected or *supposed* to pay any attention to it. Naturally, he was stunned when I did. Dirty old me.

He watches his offers pretty closely nowadays, but there are times when the old habit trips him up—and he no sooner gets the good old offer out of his big, fat mouth than I have accepted with the alacrity of a forty-ish spinster snatching a decent proposal and am waterborne.

Method B demands some reasonably genuine acting and total disregard for the Truth. I shouldn't suggest it for any of you girls who haven't, at least, a year of marriage under your belt: it might backfire and you'd find yourself single again. But for the happily married wife of two, three or ten years—it's a natural. Actually, it works thanks to the average man's lousy memory.

Pick the best looking, best muscled man nearby (making sure, first, Friend Husband doesn't know him) and then start staring, very obviously in his direction. If Friend Husband doesn't notice your interest—mutter occasionally, as you stare, or give with a rapturous sigh aided and abetted with the sexiest giggle you can manage on a hot day with the children shrieking like Banshees gone mad.

"What's the matter?" asked Friend Husband.

"Oh, I just thought that fellow over there—(big shrug) oh, *never* mind. It's probably my imagination."

Here, Friend Husband flings a studied squint at the gorgeous hunk of man, nearby.

"What about him?"

"You go ahead with your diving, dear. I'm probably wrong. I just thought—no, I remember Joe Gunkkeester had darker hair—still it might be—"

"*What Joe Gunkkeester? What's going on?*"

"Go have your dive, silly. It's been so long I can't remember, for sure. *Oh, wait a minute!* Yes, he's got the same cute cleft in his chin! *Yep, that's probably him!*"

"Who? That guy over there? That chunk of lard with the absurd, over-developed carcass? *What about him?*"

About here, try for a hesitant expression. Act uneasy. The same you always act when conversation turns to your single past. Laugh a little nervously, if possible.

"Oh, I *think* it's the same Joe Gunkkeester I used to date long before I met you, darling. At least, it looks like him—the same roguish smile and those shoulders—"



"Naturally, he was stunned . . ."

We of the Eau Claire Skin Diver Club want to know the addresses of all the clubs of Wisconsin and how many members are in each club. We are working out a plan with the conservation department and this informal survey will help benefit all skin divers in Wisconsin. We welcome letters from clubs and individuals nationwide. Our address is: Eau Claire Skin Diver Club, 733 Irving St., Chippewa Falls, Wisc., c/o William J. Smith, club secretary.



LYNWOOD SWIMMING POOL is now open to skin divers and their equipment every Tuesday night from 7 to 9 p.m. This pool features the best swimming facilities in Southern California. Olympic style, 12 feet deep in center. Divers must bring their own equipment, swim suit, towel and girls must wear caps. Spear guns may be tested at a designated time during the evening. Admission: Adults 50c; ages 13-17 25c, under 12 years 20c. Lynwood Natatorium, 3798 Century Blvd., Lynwood, California. Paul McComack, Manager, NEvada 6-1245.

USE A POOL FOR SCUBA TRAINING



SKIN DIVERS RECEIVE TRAINING—The Y.M.C.A. of Evanston, Illinois, has just started a Scuba class. A total of 27 members have been signed up in the first ten days. John Mountford, aquatic director, hopes to have a total of sixty members in the near future.

"I never heard you mention no Joe Gunkkees—"

"Well, maybe I didn't. Aren't you going to hit the water? Gosh, I remember he was always trying to get me by myself, at parties, and I had to fight him off when—"

"WHO?"

"Why, Joe Gunkkeester, darling. He was awful. Not anything like you. At least, you were a gentleman and not an awful wolf. (Giggle like crazy, about here) Still . . . he was a lot of fun. And once he tried—hey, if you're not going to go diving, I'd like to have a swim."

"Go ahead. I'll stay here and keep an eye on Joe . . . uh . . . I mean, I'll watch the kids. You go ahead and be careful. Waves are pretty high, today."

On the way home, of course, he'll try to shatter you with the information that the tall, handsome chap on the beach wasn't Joe Gunkkeester, because he'd sauntered over to him and asked his name.

"Yes, I know," I said, smiling to myself. "Joe was about four feet tall and had bad teeth."

"Hah?"

"Watch the road, darling."

He'll be pretty confused, but that's the way you want to keep him—confused as heck—until the idea of you having an equal share of the swimming and spear-fishing has become as much a habit as your previous status of cook, dishwasher and child-chaser was.

Eventually, if you work it right, he may have the coffee made by the time you've finished your swim.

Mine does. ➤

NORTHEAST NOTES

By DON LAMONT

Northeast Council of Skin Diving Clubs, P. O. Box 42, Shawsheen Village, Mass.

The Maine Marine Alpine Club of Portland, Maine, sponsored a treasure hunt on November 11th, which turned out to be the coldest day of the diving season with temperatures well below freezing. Although the event was open to all New England divers, only eight divers—two of them women—braved the 47 degree water of Sebago Lake in search of approximately 500 white buttons. Winners of the snorkel-only event were Dick Craven, Joe Gallant and Harry Thompson, all of the Alpine Club, each of whom received a beautiful trophy. Marge Turner, the club's capable secretary, relates "The exercise during diving kept ice from forming in the bloodstream but out of the water, numb hands, cold feet and chattering teeth proved the fact that hot or cold, with love for his sport, a skin diver is best in his own element—water."

Felix Rivera reports that four members of the Sea Jesters Underwater Sports Club of New York City recently went on a diving vacation to Puerto Rico, also taking underwater movies and photos. Largest catch was a 245 grouper.

In the 1957 elections of the Maine Divers Association, Donald B. Peters of Bucksport, a Navy veteran with service experience in diving, salvage, construction and welding, was elected president succeeding John Cayford who will serve as the Association's Technical Advisor. Other offices were filled as follows: R. Paul Ruhlin, Bangor, Chairman Board of Directors; Richard R. Bishop, Bangor, Director of Safety; James Franklin Pearson, Bangor, Director of Conservation; Kenneth Manley, Bangor, Director of Special Events; Edward S. Gerow, Bangor, Director of Liaison; Lynn B. Grant, Bangor, Civil Defense Officer; Arthur M. Patten, Orono, Director of Research. Plans well underway for winter classes in skin diving, scuba diving and spearfishing for all interested persons in Northeastern Maine. President Peters is scheduled to deliver a diving lecture to students of the Bucksport High School on January 11th.

Regulations for taking of fish and shellfish in state of Maine. Lobsters: Divers must have a valid lobster fishing license obtainable only after three years continuous residence or one year if a veteran. Minimum length $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches;

maximum length 5" measured from rear of eye socket along line parallel to center line of body shell to end of body shell. No mutilation allowed in catching. *Atlantic Salmon*: Closed season from 16th of July to 31st of March, inclusive. Also weekly closed time as enumerated for striped bass. Bag limit two per day. Minimum size 14 inches. *Striped Bass*: Weekly closed time of 48 hours beginning at sunrise on Saturday morning to sunrise of following Monday from 1st of April to 15th of July. This provision also applies to Atlantic Salmon. No minimum size specified. *Scallops*: Closed season from 1st of April until 31st of October, inclusive. *Oysters*

NORTHWEST DIVERS

Clubs and Individuals

The column on this page, "Northwest Notes", by Lon Lamont, has been a very successful part of Skin Diver for several months now and the magazine wishes to congratulate Don for the excellent job he is doing in that region of the country through his column. We believe that this type of column brings the clubs and individual divers of a given area closer together than does the regular club report widely separated in the magazine from other reports of that region.

Don spends several hours each month preparing his copy from cards and letter received by him, and as the time element is important must meet our closing date regularly. The time spent, by the way, is his own, expended in the best interests of his Council and the furtherance of skin diving in the northeast. However, Don needs more material to work with . . . to-date, his information has come from a few instead of from many. He is not receiving the full support of the member clubs of the Northeast Council and the unattached divers in the north east.

We urge you divers to contact Don with bits of information about your activities, he'll be glad to mention your name, give meeting dates, give you information about the Council or send it to a Director more able to answer . . . this column will work for you and the sport at large.

Correspondence is directed to Don Lamont, Northeast Council of Skin Diving Clubs, P. O. Box 42, Shawsheen Village, Mass.



Blaine W. Gove, Council Diver of the Month

and Clams: Regulations vary with counties. Information available from town clerks.

No prohibitions on any other salt water fish. Regulations cited are for tidal waters.

Regulations will be presented next month for the state of New Hampshire.

Council Diver of the month: Blaine W. Gove of Kittery, Maine, 27 years of age, married, father of two children, and a civil engineer by profession, can be considered typical of thousands of New Englanders who became interested in skin diving within the last few years. If any skin diver can be labeled a "natural," the term should apply to Blaine who, as a novice member of the Coast of Maine Neptunes, skyrocketed to prominence in only a year's time, taking his place with such Maine spearfishing notables as Christy, Estes, Patenaude, and Curtis.

During the 1956 diving season Blaine was one of the sparkplugs in helping marine biologists of the Sea & Shore Fisheries with a study of predation of lobsters. Stomachs of fish speared by him and other Neptune members were quick-frozen and sent to the Department's laboratory at Boothbay Harbor for determination of contents.

His tremendous vitality and seemingly inexhaustible supply of energy in Maine's often turbulent and always cold water, coupled with a keen shooting eye and underwater endurance, have made Blaine a sure bet to place high in Northeast Council spearfishing competition in 1957.

Last month, I inadvertently wrote Fred Jenney's name as "Jening." My apologies to our new Council Director from Rhode Island.

AROUND THE SOUND

By PETER PUGET

The Puget Sound Mudsharks maintained their record of having won every meet they have entered, by scoring a lopsided victory over twelve other teams in the Olympic Peninsula Underwater Spearfishing Championships held at Port Townsend, Washington, November 4th. This was a unique event in that the whole waterfront of the city was open to the divers.

The winning team, composed of Gary Keffler, Jim Blanchard, and John Tallman, landed 126 pounds which brought them close to the State limit of 20 pounds and one fish each. Second place went to the Northwest Divers of Seattle, a new club, who brought in 69 pounds; and third, to the Pile Divers of Port Townsend with 54 pounds. Ron Rondell of the hosts landed the largest fish—a 30 pound 5 oz. ling cod taken in seven feet of water. John Tallman had high individual aggregate of 56 pounds.

The meet was the best organized of any we have had in these parts, thanks to Roy Hawkins and Paul Rose of the Pile Divers, who stayed out of the water to run the show.

Coming events in this area include the annual winter meet scheduled for January 20th and the World's Championship Octopus Wrestling contest scheduled for March.

The Beachcombers of Seattle recently completed an intra-club knockout or single elimination tournament. Divers went out in pairs—the winner progressing to the next round. Joe Dollinger was the eventual winner spearing a 34 pounder in the finals, to defeat Frank Wolff.

Shorts . . . The second death of a diver in these parts occurred on November 18th off Alki Point. . . Several small sharks have been reported by divers in the area recently, but no one has tried to spear them. . . Several divers have been assisting the Air Force in locating a jet which crashed. . . Much interest has been generated toward the fact that skin divers in our area take large octopus by hand. The largest landed to date was 18 feet. A commercial underwater photographer is coming here to shoot some underwater films for publication. . . Efforts to get a local council operating are stymied by failure to receive requested information from existing councils. . . Hot spot of the month—Tramp Harbor Oil Dock. . . Skinniest fish of the month—Dick Krause's 45 inch, 26½ pound ling speared on a University of Washington Skin Diving class outing. »

STAND FOR YOUR SCUBA TANK

By RICHARD H. REICHENBACH

(Chicago, Illinois)

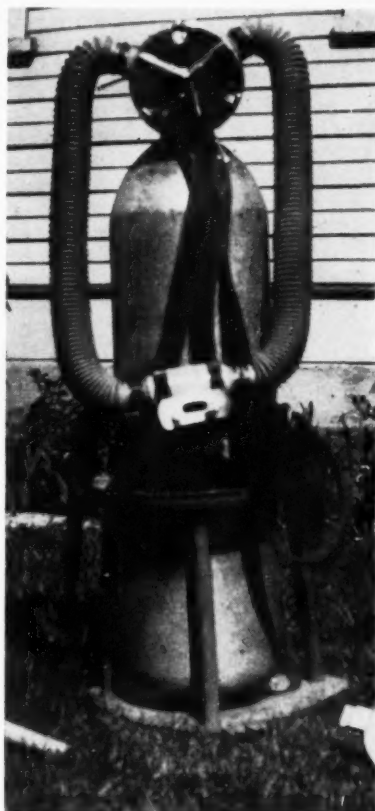
Here is a do it yourself diving tank storage stand for only a few pennies and about an hour's recreation in the workshop while the cold winter months keep you land locked. The stand is designed to store your tank in a vertical position in an out of the way corner safely. It may also be used on diving outings to keep the diving unit out of harm while on shore. A good club project.

Required materials

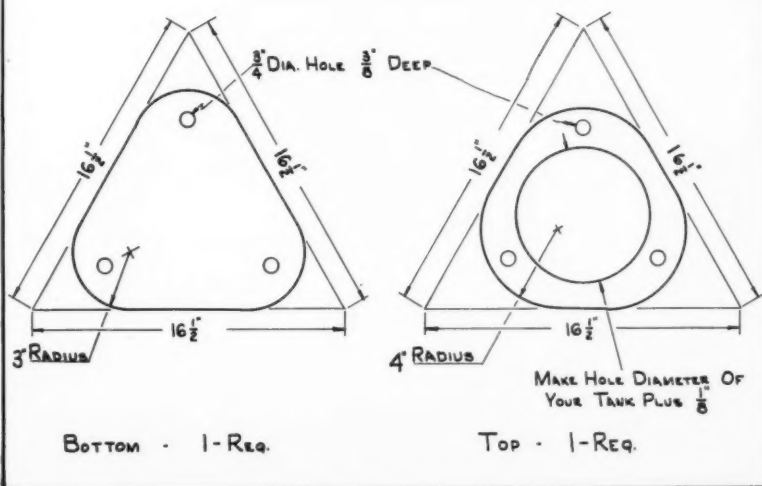
- ¾" 5-ply plywood
- 3 pieces of ¾" dowel rod 9½" long

STEPS IN CONSTRUCTION

1. Lay out top and bottom pieces of stand on ¾" plywood. Allow ⅛" more than tank diameter for hole in top piece.
2. Cut pieces out, drill 3 ¾" holes ⅜" deep in the top and bottom pieces.
3. Cut 3 pieces of ¾" dowel rod 9½" long, glue and insert in top and bottom pieces.
4. Apply a desired finish. »



STAND FOR SCUBA TANK





Treasure hunters tie ropes to the engine block. Photo by Julius Siddon.

TREASURE BELOW

By CHARLES OVERFELT

It all started simply enough. While skiing on Lake Tahoe, the boat operator mentioned that he knew the general area in which an 18 foot inboard speedboat sunk at its moorings during a storm. Would I be interested in finding the boat and sharing equally in whatever we could salvage from her? Boy!, was I?

The directions were vague and I had to cover an area of perhaps 150 by 300 yards. By chance I discovered the boat upside down in 140 feet of crystal clear water on my first dive. My job was to attach lines and then the others would try to drag the boat into shallower water where it could be winched ashore. We pulled for two days and didn't even raise dust. By then I was out of air and had to return to work.

At the next Looney Gooney conclave, I mentioned my aborted salvage venture and immediately Stan Butler, Dee Marsh, Julius Siddon, and myself laid plans for another try. Our idea was simple. Take our eight man life raft down deflated, using a "G" bottle for weight. Then tie it to the boat and fill the raft from the "G" bottle. Since the raft would expand on rising, all filler valves would be left open so it wouldn't burst.

We were pictures of confidence when we left Oakland, our rented boat trailer loaded with three "G" bottles, coils of rope, sleeping bags, grub boxes, and a small mountain of diving gear.

On arriving at Tahoe, we suited up and checked over our plans to insure that there would be no slip-ups and everyone did his part. We had no difficulty in relocating the boat and proceeded to carry out our plans. The raft was tied through several "D" rings to a line leading to the bow of the motorboat. Everything was checked and the signal given. Slowly valving air into the raft, we watched anxiously. Suddenly, before we were completely aware of any movement, the boat rose bow first, exactly as we had planned. Before anyone could act, the mooring cleats on the launch pulled loose, and the raft jumped skyward before anyone could turn off the air or open filler valves. In a few seconds we heard a dull explosion and the vibrations slapped through us as our newly paid for raft disintegrated. Dee and Stans' wives were on the surface and they said it was quite a sight as the raft shot majestically upward swelling into a giant donut and then disappearing into clouds of bubbles about twenty feet below the surface.

Around the bean pot another assault was plotted. We borrowed two oil drums and started out again, Julius and I with the drums and Dee and Stan with their cameras. Then followed a real power dive. Getting into position over the boat, we unplugged the oil drums and made ready as they filled with water. Holding tightly to a line, I was swiftly jerked below and, madly clearing my ears, I rode the barrel to the bottom, nearly landing on Julius and raising a cloud of silt. The drums were attached and filled with air, but nothing stirred. We then returned to shore and procured two more drums and figured the next move. We had one 70 cu. ft. tank left apiece and no one had over 1100 pounds of air. This had to be it.

Julius and Dee took the drums down while Stan and I watched bubbles and checked watches from the surface. Finally they both came to the top, completely out of air. It was up to Stan and me. Watching our Sea Air gauges closely, we made a fast descent and began filling the last oil drum from the "G" bottle that had been left in position. The boat shook herself quietly and began to rise towards the surface at a 20 degree angle. Stan and I shook hands and silently cheered as we followed her up on our last 300 pounds of air. The drums broke surface and Dee and Julius raced to them to screw in the plugs. Suddenly a drum slipped out of its harness and before anyone could move, our poor man's "Andrea Doria" went to the bottom.

(Continued on Page 35)

OPERATION: NEPTUNE

By JOHN E. CAYFORD

Bangor, Queen City of Maine, the state of 5000 lakes and on the broad expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, is the home of the first diving club in the state. The group formed in 1949, with three members under the name of the International Diving Club. Today, the International Undersea Services has ten members on its highly technical, fast growing staff. The Korean War called a halt to the underwater work of the Internationals. But, as of this year, all of the polliwogs are climbing back into their gear.

Ed Guernsey, Jr., Rikkie Brown and yours truly merged together with a few bits of surplus equipment and thirty-five dollars. At present, we claim ownership to some of the world's finest self-contained diving gear.

Working for one short season, we salvaged and recovered outboard motors, boats, fishing tackle and personal items from Maine's lakes. The Korean War found Rikkie in Navy blue assigned to the Underwater Demolition Team; Big Ed donned the Army brown, and I went from brown to Air Force blue.

In 1953, Ed and I hung up our uniforms, dug out the gear, tested it, then headed for the lakes. Rikkie wouldn't be with us for another year. But, we discovered a few more men who had caught the bug of being interested in what goes on below the water.

Possessing more money than when we originally started, plus that which we made during our short season of operation, we purchased new and finer gear.

Two very ingenious men, Paul Thompson, Jr., and Guy McCree, had some equipment and plenty of knowledge about their occupations—electronic repair. After talking with them, they joined our staff. Johnny Ingles, another veteran Navy U.D.T. man, gave us a call and we signed him on. Johnny's civilian job fitted into our group plans very well; he is a designer. Tom "Baracuda" Bishop, Jim "Governor" Person and Earle Woodman were the next to join our club. With this strong technical staff, Ed and I decided, with the vast amount of business the state had for divers, we could form an Undersea Company. Thus, in 1953, International Undersea Services became a recognized and full-time business operation.

Big Ed Guernsey was elected President; Rik Brown, although absent, was chosen Vice-President, and I was appointed Director of Undersea Operations. Our staff boasted of many of the state's young, up-coming technologists, which were Ed Guernsey, graduate Electronic Engineer; Tom Bishop and Jimmy Person, who were in charge of underwater construction; "Woody" Woodman, the authority on tropical and fresh water fish; Rik Brown, handling the demolitions department, and I kept the photography division rolling.

Business was exceptionally good. We cleared beaches and water frontage by blasting, constructed piers, floats, moorings and boat houses. Our recovery work included motors, boats, fishing gear and drowned victims. The boys salvaged motors, automobiles, which had crashed through the ice during the ice-fishing season, boats of all sizes and other less valuable objects. Various colleges, in the United States and Canada, requested underwater photographic work, so I was kept busy filling their orders. Inasmuch as business was this prosperous, we needed to add to our stock and purchase more and better equipment.

The tanks now used by International divers are the world's largest. These cylinders weigh 42 lbs., storing 99 cubic feet of air under 2300 p.s.i. With a 10% over-charge, we carry over 1½ hours air supply. Working in fresh water, a diver need not wear any lead weights, for the tank gives perfect buoyancy. Whereas some of the film and photographic work was taken in the Atlantic Ocean, we needed better safety equipment than we had in stock.

Ed, Ingles and I put our heads together and came up with a crossbow. This weapon is made from a rifle stock, wagon spring, steel wire and a metal firing mechanism. The gun is 4½ feet long, propelling a 42 inch solid steel, ¼ inch round arrow, of which 11 inches at the point is tempered and covered with razor-sharp, saw-tooth barbs. It takes three men to cock the gun. The shaft is set in place only when we are on the way down. During our tests, a plain, non-barbed, arrow went through 4 inches of pine at 20 feet distance in 15 feet of water.

The boys have designed special steel camera face plates to use recording the damage and power of underwater blasting projects. Most of our camera housings have been designed and built by the members of International's staff. Our knives are made from hacksaw blades used in cutting railroad tracks. The steel of these blades is considered to be the finest. Inasmuch as the manufactured miniature submarines are so expensive, we, again, put our heads together, and Johnny Ingles gave us the plans for our "Submobile."

This craft is to be built from ¾ inch plexiglass molded over a wooden form. It is 14 feet long, powered by a battery-driven, electric motor with foot pedals built in for emergencies in case of motor failure. The "Submobile" has a crew of two, contains an air supply that would last for four hours per man under the toughest conditions. Although, it must be added, the original idea was to construct the craft minus the engine, which has been an after-thought during the past six months. The staff is now in the process of building the scale models and testing them, before construction of the larger craft will take place. Nevertheless, we are happy to state that a greater part of the difficulties have been ironed out.

The author suggested to his associates that a research division be added to the business when J. Randall Brown, III, a student Zoologist and Marine Biologist, asked to join our organization. Thus, for the coming season, we will have a Marine Biological Supply Service, which we believe is the first in the United States that deals solely in marine life. We are hoping to supply biology classes of high schools, prep schools and colleges both in the U.S. and Canada.

This has been a quick look at the operations and business conducted by the State of Maine's only professional diving service. Having the dealerships to the world's finest diving equipment, we are stocking our business with all types of self-contained gear and skin diver's gear, plus conducting guided tours off the coast and instructing skin divers in the sport and teaching the novices all the safety rules of swimming, diving and spearfishing.

Our's has been called the "American success story." From just a small amount of surplus gear, a great idea and thirty-five dollars, in 1949, today we have a good business, thousands of dollars in equipment and stock, and through work, self-sacrifice, determination, the blessings of God and Lady Luck, International Undersea Services survived its hardships and will continue to serve the public of the United States and Canada to the best of its ability in our chosen field.



Flying Frogmen finally boat the 350 pound Grouper.

FLYING FROGMEN VISIT KEY WEST

By CAPT. BOB JONES

Los Angeles County Certified Instructor

SKIN DIVER MAGAZINE
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Lynwood, California

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☐ New

☐ Renew

Labor Day's three-day weekend again found the 146 Fighter Interceptor Wings Special Service Club, the Flying Frogmen, in Key West, Florida, for a dual training and recreation program. With fine cooperation of the Naval Base personnel the California Frogmen were checked out in water entry and similar swimming tests. These tests and exercises ready the members of the club for any water disaster rescue operation that they may be called upon to perform.

After the "work" came the play, skin diving the beautiful reefs in the vicinity of Sand Key. We could hardly contain ourselves as the boat anchored in the clear waters near the reef. The boat seemed to be suspended in mid air. The only thing that spoiled the illusion and dampened our enthusiasm were the pink clouds of jelly fish that drifted by. By exercising reasonable caution you could avoid being stung most of the time. And who cared about such minor things as jelly fish when there was so much to see and do.

In pairs we went overboard, then snorkeling our way forward past the anchor into the current so that upon completion of our hunt we would be able to drift back to the boat with little effort.

Hog fish, snappers and a myriad of tropical varieties flitted in and out among the most perfectly formed antler and fire coral formation that I had ever seen. We all shot our share of small grouper and hog fish, but the large barracuda had the uncanny knack of eluding our spears. The amberjack provided John Bard and myself with a complete surprise. I had dived and was about to return to the surface when three amberjack came swimming along. I took a snap shot and hit one which probably weighed between eight and ten pounds. Then as if the one I had hit called for help we were surrounded by a school of the jacks. John took aim and hit one of the big ones amidsthip. Then to our surprise we were towed about by these small fish. In my book they are really game fighters.

Rex Earl and Ron Mangino of our Phoenix Squadron had taken some nice grouper with their superbly designed gas guns, but all of us were a little disappointed that we had not gotten many good shots at large barracuda.

We were back on the boat when one of our younger divers, Ken Davis, held up a four foot berri and asked if this was what we were after. That did it! Bard and I were going to get some big berris if it killed us. And it almost did.

I filled my heavy nylon game sack with fish entrails and one large parrot fish that had been taken. Towing it with a fifteen foot cord, Bard and I headed for the shallow part of the reef

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where we thought we would be safe from sharks and where barracuda had been sighted in four feet of water.

Bard saw the first large barracuda and swam after him. I exhaled and bent over to tie the float and game sack to the coral on the bottom.

It happened then—a large shark came in rapidly inspecting the bag. I have read all the required reading on sharks and was quite indignant that this coward would invade shallow water and sniff at my barracuda bait. I pulled the tube to me and took out a three foot heavy gaff and stationed myself near the tube. The shark came in again swimming in very unshark like movements, quick and jerky. As he passed I struck him with the gaff, but this did not deter him in the slightest.

Bard was back by then and together we faced the next rush. The shark swam rapidly to the game sack, ripped it open and ate the parrot fish with one gulp. I can tell you that both Bard and I at that moment had a feeling of awe come over us as the parrot fish was much larger around than our thighs. Fortunately neither of us panicked, we stood back to back as the shark was circling rapidly. Each time he would rush in at us, we held our spear guns out in front of us and managed to turn him at the last moment. With Bard watching his movements I stood up and gave the "I need help" signal. As I stood there half in, half out of the water wondering what was going on below, it was great to see that our training sessions were not in vain.

The anchor was coming up and the boat was on its way. As the boat pulled in deep water nearby, all of the Flying Frogmen aboard jumped in. Major Haidy was the first to reach us with Jacobauski, Gemiener and Davis. The boat and the splashes of the fellows leap-



Bob McRoy of the Los Angeles Neptunes with 8½ pound lobster taken off Catalina Island. Photo by Mart Toggweiler.

SKIN DIVER—January, 1957

ing in from the five foot high deck apparently scared the shark away, as we saw no more of him.

The next day was not so bright, but early we boarded the "Greyhound II" with Ed Ciesinski and Capt. Tony. With the squally weather the big covered boat looked twice as good. On the way to the grouper grounds we discussed the shark attack with Ed. He agreed that what we had done was the best, hit the shark with blunt objects then get out of the water as soon as possible.

The wind had whipped up the ocean to such an extent that it was no longer possible to see the reefs from the boat. With an experienced eye and fine seamanship Capt. Tony and Ed Ciesinski anchored on an unseen reef. In fact it looked as if we were right out in the middle of the Atlantic. This time with our lungs and blind faces we followed Ed into the water and below the anchor rope. The fathometer read 38 feet and about 25 feet down the bottom came into view.

We swam along in single file. At the edge of a large reef Ed signalled us to a halt. He communicated with us in sign language to the effect that there were two fish just beyond at the base of the reef. One small and the other large. I cautiously poked my head around the corner and saw what to me was one large fish and one tremendous fish.

We slowly arranged ourselves in the best possible firing position and upon a pre-arranged signal we all fired. The spears all hit within six inches of each other just behind the gills. For a moment it seemed that we had killed the monster outright as we had a moment to swim toward the anchor rope around which we hoped to dog our guns.

The fish suddenly came to life and took off practically jerking us out of our fins. Bard and Ciesinski managed to get their lines wrapped around the anchor, while I momentarily slowed his rush by catching my gun in the coral. With a mighty surge of power the jewfish broke two nylon lines and pulled the barb out that was attached to the steel cable. It was easy to spot him as his efforts to remove the two remaining spears caused a towering cloud of coral particles to rise from the base of the reef where he had taken refuge. We returned to the boat for new weapons, leaving our prize sulking in the lee of a reef.

At the surface we were greeted with a dreary sight. There sat our boat in the middle of a thunderstorm. The rain was pouring down and bolts of lightning flashed from cloud to cloud. After being in the 80 degree Gulf Stream, those rain drops sure felt cold.

We grabbed up two more guns and a



Steve Krajewski, New London, Conn., speared this 250 pound Blue Shark with a deluxe ar-balete. Gill shot. Took 20 minutes to land.



14 pounds exactly — Lobster taken by Jim Hand off Palos Verdes, California.

large hook with an eight foot rope attached. After a shivering council of war, we jumped in again with Mangino and his gas gun. This time science and skill prevailed over superstition and ignorance and we boated the beast—350 lbs. of it.

After further forays among the reef fish, we reluctantly returned to sunny Southern California.

The courtesy of the U. S. Navy in supplying facilities of all kinds, including a boat, surpassed our fondest expectations.

Prospective shark bait for the Flying Frogmen can reach Capt. Bob Jones at EXbrook 8-5652, Los Angeles.

UP TO OUR SNORKELS IN HOT WATER

(Continued from Page 13)

me a hand with the big, feisty fish. Between the two of us the grouper didn't stand much chance and faster than you can say "exhausted spearfisherman" we had him boated. He weighed in at 12½ kilos (27½ pounds).

Not a big catch for some of you guys, but it turned out to be the biggest one we got during the entire trip; and all in the first five minutes of that first morning's fishing.

The water was colder than we had anticipated so we called a halt after lunch and went back to the rest-house. There, we were greeted with the jolly news that the Egyptians and the Israelis were having themselves a merry little war about 10 miles away. Since they are always having sporadic border scraps, I didn't pay too much attention; I figured this was just another raid. Later that evening I noticed the Israeli town, across the bay, was completely blacked out. But I still didn't credit this with any important meaning.

The next day found me gathering coral and taking color shots of the reef fish. About 50% of my flashbulbs didn't

go off since the water pressure was sufficient to short them out. Returning to the rest-house, we were told the fighting was still going on. "Nuts!" says Parks. Then, that night, we saw a lot of air activity over the Israeli sector. Planes made this a matter of a different size entirely. Calling a friend in Amman I was informed that "all non-essential Americans had been evacuated and that Israel had attacked Egypt!"

This was plenty worrisome. I came under that "non-essential American" classification. There was a war going on and Parks was far from being evacuated! "Parks," said Parks, nervously. "You better grab your friends, your trailer and your Jag—and get evacuated the sooner, the better!" Nobody argued with this logic.

We drove back to Ma'an the next morning and requested a flatcar to haul the Jag and our gear back to Amman. The railroad people chuckled in our faces: all trains had been requisitioned by the Arab Legion. We had no choice other than trying to drive all the way back across that desert. We tried to buy gasoline in the village, but no luck there. Then, we remembered there was a British Army Base nearby, so we whipped out there and told them our sad tale. They weren't too sympathetic. Because America hadn't jumped into this mess with France and England, they gave us a bit of the old cold shoulder routine. They said they would give us water, but they expressed serious doubts about the Jaguar and trailer making that long haul back over the desert. I mentioned gasoline. This was a different matter: they would have to check with the Rule Book. While the Rule Book was getting thoroughly examined, a Major showed up. That Major was a first-class, A-1 human being.

"Hell," snorted the Major. "Give them the petrol and charge it off to a bloody Lorry!"

Careening through the village of Ma'an we were suddenly showered with spit and cries of "Ingleezi . . . Yahoo-die!" (English, Israeli). Obviously, we were on the public's list since they took us for being either British or Israeli—or, maybe, both. I've been in pleasanter messes.

We covered the first 30 miles in just over two hours, and then the road got really lousy. Jordanian Police (both Post and roving patrols) stopped us many times, but upon discovering we were not British they let us go again. Soon, it was getting dark; and with the



Parks holds a Scorpion fish that he has speared. The local fishermen were amazed at his skill.



Boatman receives a 12½ kilo Spotted Grouper. Note how fish starts changing color once out of the water.

dusk came the desert chill. This desert has been defined as "an ice-box with sunshine." It couldn't have been much over freezing.

About 8:00 that night we entered a small village called Tufili where I thought I'd taken a wrong turn. I stopped and asked directions from a group of civilians. This was a colossal mistake and by the time I realized it—it was a little too late. They turned on us—and us up a dead end street. The mob began shouting, spitting at us and heaving good sized rocks in our direction. Reverse hospitality, if I ever saw it. Just when the situation was getting a bit desperate, a jeepload of Arab Legion soldiers rescued us.

The noncom in charge claimed he knew me, but my Arabic wasn't fluent enough to find out from where or when; and, frankly, I wasn't too damned interested at that moment. However, he did give us an escort out to the open desert and we headed north for the town of Karak.

In Karak, we drove around until we found the Italian Hospital we'd heard was located there, and GeeGee charmed the kindly sisters into letting us spend

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the night within the safety of those walls. They not only took us in but gave us a fine breakfast the following morning. We finagled some gasoline, before dawn, and daylight found us on the run again.

We reached the grand canyon of Jordan—Wadi el Mujib. To reach the bottom we drove several miles of hairpin turns down a narrow, dusty track. Two hours later, after finally making it to the bottom, we found the road on the other side to be closed. A guard informed us the road was under repair and would not be open for another seven hours.

We waited. We figeted. We squirmed. We nervously walked around and around the Jag. But we waited.

As the morning dragged by, recruits for the Jordanian Army started arriving in station wagons, busses and trucks. They were a loud-mouthed horde and full of "Do or Die for Allah." Some of them showed signs of thinking we might be just the guys for them to practice a little "Do" on. With the help of one of their drivers, we somehow managed to convince them we weren't British. So, the bright characters turned their attention to our British-built car. After a great deal of shouting and haggling on both sides, we convinced them it would be a little silly to wreck our car when they were traveling in British made vehicles themselves! To give you an idea of their general emotional state and reasoning, I'll quote one of them. This Jordanian boy was about 24 years old and a medical student in the University of Damascus. There was no possibility of my misunderstanding him because he spoke perfect English.

"The Royal Hashemite Army," he said, coldly, "has killed the French Ambassador, in Amman, and I am very glad. This proves the English and French are animals and have no minds to think with."

Yes, friends, we were more than a little glad when that road finally opened and we could continue to get the hell out of there.

The rest of the trip was safely accomplished. We were stopped several times for Passport checkups, but not once (to my complete astonishment) did any of the Officials ask to check the contents of our trailer! I'm sure if the civilians at the Wadi had seen our air tanks—they would've thought we were hauling bombs with us.

I plan to confine my underwater excursions to the blue Mediterranean that rolls in front of my flat, in Beirut. If any of you fellows should get out to this part of the world—stop in and see me. I think I can fix you up with some gear. And I'd really enjoy hearing from you.



Did you wish Mr. Claus a "Merry Christmas"? Apparently your wish was granted . . . look what was in the bottom of that sack he was carrying. Your wish was appreciated too, he lost his lid. His last stop was in Silver Springs, Florida, witnessed by Photography Mazert. Wonder who's going to drive the reindeer back to the north pole?

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CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY

(Continued from Page 15)

I broke the surface not fifty yards away from the boat yelling. My voice was high and weak. The boat became a picture of excited action. Fred Morini, the Captain, ran to the stern and fired the warning to alert all divers to clear the water. This may have frightened the shark, for suddenly it was gone. We raced to the boat and cleared the water in one leap. Ron and I were numb from the excitement and it was a full minute before we could talk. Ron promptly offered his equipment for sale. Needless to say, diving enthusiasm was noticeably dampened for the remainder of the day.

We later learned that extensive whaling has been going on off the Coast and this may be the reason our "friend" was there, also the dying and dead fish brought it to us.

All and all our club had a very exciting trip. I know it is one Ron and I will remember for years to come.

We leave you with this thought. Always dive with a buddy, for as Paul Barnes said, "If you dive with a buddy you stand a 50/50 chance he will take your buddy and not you."

Oh, yes, and do remember—IF YOU SEE A SHARK, CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY! ➤

LOS ANGELES COUNTY UNDERWATER PROGRAM AT NATIONAL CONFERENCE

Because of its world-wide recognition as a leader in public skin diving instruction classes, the Los Angeles County Department of Parks and Recreation was invited to send its Skin Diving Director, Don St. Hill, to the Conference for National Cooperation in Aquatics at Yale University from October 24 to 27.

St. Hill, who was one of the early day skin divers in Los Angeles county with Japanese goggles, took with him a copy of the county's popular Underwater Recreation Manual, which is one of the recognized texts on skin diving technique.

It is this manual which has served as the basis of skin diving classes by the Los Angeles County aquatics staff since 1954. Graduates of these classes are now instructing throughout the world.

"It is my belief that our skin diving instruction and underwater safety program of Los Angeles County can be presented at the Yale University conference as a pattern for the entire nation," St. Hill said. ➤

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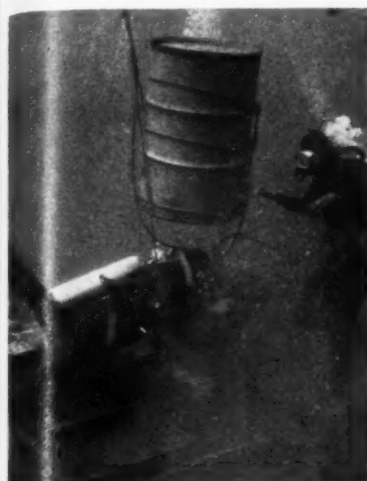
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TREASURE BELOW

(Continued from Page 28)



Oil drums were secured and submerged to the treasure. Photo by Julius Siddon.

What fun; our club raft gone, out of air, and our "G" bottles, ropes, and borrowed oil drums sitting in 23 fathoms of 43 degree water. Stan and I donned our emergency lungs: small 22 cu. ft. tanks about the size of quart thermos bottles. Again on the bottom, we quickly lashed air tanks to the oil drums and cut the lines, shooting everything to the surface.

Over dinner we hashed things out and decided the trip had been quite successful outside of the loss of our raft. The boat was in sad shape and would have taken all our diving weekends away from us had we brought it in. We had the experience of raising it but not the hard work of rebuilding it. As we packed to return home a local inhabitant who had watched our efforts came over and said, "Say, fellows, I can tell you where another boat sank in 200 feet of water." Our answers were drowned in exhaust and buried in dust as we stepped on throttles. »

- Diving Hint -

When diving in shark infested waters, always dive with a buddy. you have a 50/50 chance the shark will take your buddy and not you.

Read:

"Consider Yourself Lucky"

Page 14

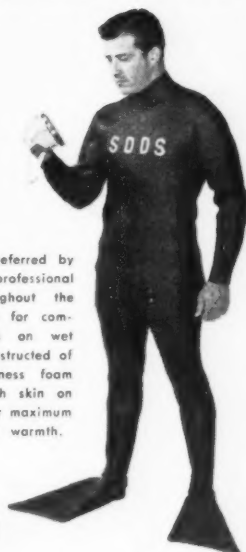
VACATION IN MEXICO

(Continued from Page 23)

rented a boat. Instead of working the area to the north of Bocachibampa Beach as we had been, we cruised around to the south coast (this whole area is north of Guaymas). On this south coast we found high, vertical cliffs, sharp headlands, and deep water. We anchored in the middle of a cove and struck out in separate directions. Although we were only 50 feet from shore the bottom was already 20 feet deep. It was covered with boulders from the size of oil drums to some as large as a car. Between these were some beautiful, dark caves, and we all looked for great things to happen when we got down there. But when we climbed up on one of the rocks to eat our skin diver's lunch we all had the same tale, "no mero." Some beautiful fishes were being brought back to the boat, however. Reds, blues, yellows, greens, in every combination made the boat's bottom flash color from every direction. The yellowtail were out in force, as usual, but in only two cases was any heavy stuff seen. One fellow ran into a couple of good sized amberjack, that were curious enough to hang in mid-water and peer at him for a long time, but wary enough to keep just out of range. Another of the group got a spear into something that sounded like a dolphin, and said he never saw things start to happen so fast. He told us that whatever it was, it looked like about 100 pounds and fought like 600. He showed us a shaft that had been bent up like a fish hook.

The fish at Guaymas proved large in number if not in size. Some of the divers that have worked those waters before said that it was very unusual not finding more big fish than we did, so we expect to do better next time. The following information may be helpful to those planning trips to this area. At Bocachibampa Beach, located just north of the town of Guaymas, may be had boats suitable for almost any type of diving trip, air at \$1.50 per charge, basic skin diving gear for rent, and an insect free atmosphere. There is a store where Mexican and Stateside food is available and an ample fresh water supply. Regarding the water, many of the divers brought their own, but those that used the local stuff did so largely without misfortune, with only one case of the "Taxco Turkey-trot" reported among us. Bob and I used a normal dose of Army "halizone" tablets in our water, finding it to be the best thing short of boiling. It may be encouraging to many divers to learn that we did the whole two weeks, including food, transportation, air refills and night life for \$65.00 apiece. And we're going back, too. »

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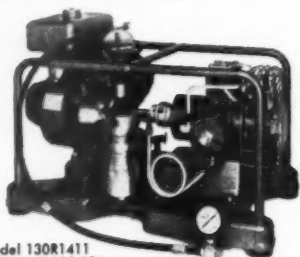
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Serge Arnoux with Paumotuan boys off shore of Manihiki Island, Tuamotu, South Pacific.

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Milwaukee, Wisconsin . . .

AQUATIC BADGERS

By Bob Hendricks

Matt Jacobchick has been elected president of the Milwaukee Aquatic Badgers. Other officers selected at the annual election November 25 were Larry Bethe, Ken Thomas, and Dave Knaup. This club is no longer associated with the YMCA but is continuing as an independent organization.

One of our winter projects has been the construction of a power diver. We expect to complete it by spring. At our latest dive at a local quarry Martin Karrer brought up a loaded clip of 48 caliber ammunition and Bob Holmes salvaged an electric motor and an electric clipper. »

Savannah, Georgia . . .

BARRACUDAS

By Jim Cook

The Savannah, Georgia, skin divers club has been organized under the sponsorship of the YMCA. The members will be known as Barracudas.

Jim Petway has been elected president. Ben Smith, vice president; and Bob Boatwright, treasurer.

Petway has had 10 years of Navy Freeman and underwater demolition experience. He has also been an instructor in Navy schools. All other members are well experienced.

The club will sponsor a junior skin diving group later in the winter. This group will train any inexperienced applicants in all phases of diving, rescue, and salvage work. »

Springfield, Mass. . . .

MASSACHUSETTS SEA LIONS

By Muriel Comeau

November 14, we had a bean supper at the South Hadley Falls Fire Station, which was enjoyed by all. Following with our regular meeting and elections of officers.

With the winter here, the ponds and lakes will afford divers the opportunity to dive under the ice. Many are looking forward to the experience with anticipation. »

Camp Borden, Ont., Canada . . .

THE AQUATEERS OF CANADA

By Peter B. Clark

October 20th, . . . Oliphant, Ontario . . . Reconnaissance in strength. Water temperature 52-57°. Visibility 40 ft. Weather . . . exceptional.

Our Air force teams set out on early Saturday morning and spent the night on the shores of Lake Huron, just opposite Main Station Island. The attraction of this area, is that it was the naval battleground, between the Iroquois and the Hurons and later the U.S. and British. We found two wrecks, and explored the old British fort on the Island, we took souvenirs from both. The Army teams arrived on Sunday morning and continued with the exploring. Area found to be skin divers paradise. »

Detroit, Michigan

SEA KINGS

By Patricia Novak

Our Club is not new but it is just now beginning to sit up and take notice; our membership is small but we intend to remedy that. We know there are many others who are interested in diving who are not connected with any club. To these we offer the opportunity of joining a club devoted to diving and teaching diving; at this date we have acquired the use of a pool and I am sure our club will soon rank along with the best. »

CLUB NEWS



Page 36 through 41

CLUB REPORTS are submitted bi-monthly by club publicity representative, one typewritten page, double spaced, 100 words per report. NEW CLUBS should file their official name and address with "Skin Diver," they will then receive a schedule of the months their report will be published in this section of the magazine and be placed on the Club Roster. A sample constitution and by-laws furnished upon request.

SKIN DIVER is collecting club emblems or patches from underwater organizations around the country, please send yours soon if we have not received it already. We would also like to receive a marine specimen, stuffed, dried, painted, shells, etc., from each club. These specimens will be placed on display in our office.

New York, New York . . .

SEA JESTERS UNDERWATER SPORTS CLUB

By Felix A. Rodriguez

With the coming of Fall we have elected Officials for the new year. The Officials elected last year have done such a fine job that we congratulate them on their re-election.

Early this Fall the Sea Jesters were called upon to aid the Police in the search for a young boy who drowned in Pelham Bay. Although we had no chance to begin our search, because the body was recovered by the Coast Guard the next morning, we are proud that we were asked to help the Police in their work.

The Sea Jesters are also proud of the total poundage of fish caught this year. A total of 221 3/4 pounds of fish were speared. Trophies were awarded to those members who made outstanding catches.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

To All Our Diving Friends



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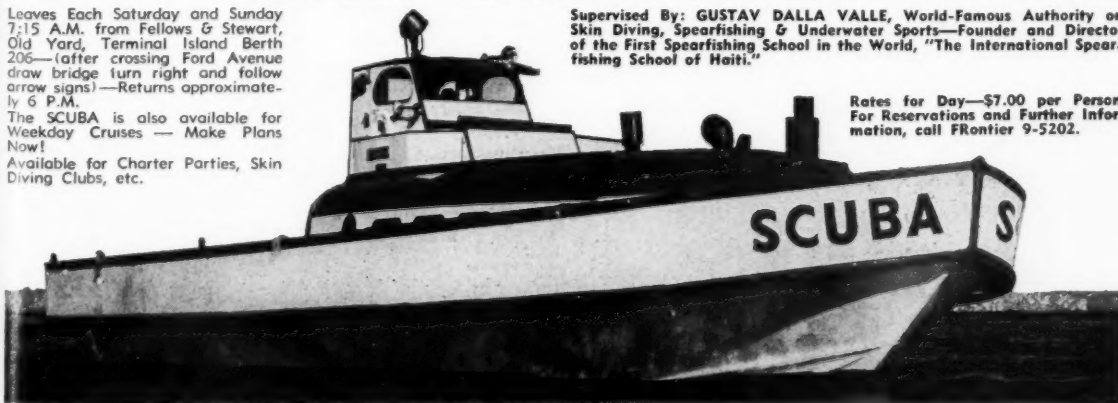
Leaves Each Saturday and Sunday 7:15 A.M. from Fellows & Stewart, Old Yard, Terminal Island Berth 206—(after crossing Ford Avenue draw bridge turn right and follow arrow signs)—Returns approximately 6 P.M.

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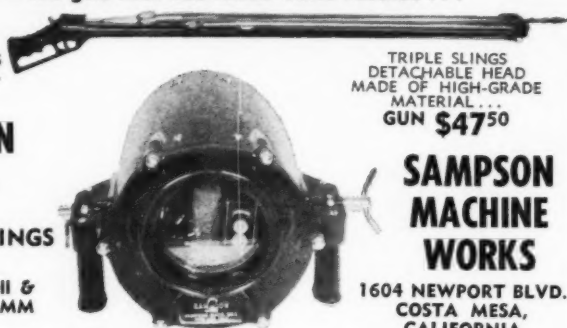
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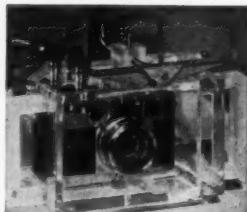
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Toledo, Ohio . . .

THE TOLEDO SUB-MARINERS

By Larry Everett

Although you seldom hear from the Toledo Sub-Mariners, don't think for a minute that we are inactive.

Our dives are limited mostly to fresh water lakes and quarries in and around the Toledo area, but a few of our members were down to see Hugh Brown's "Reef Raider" and took the cruise to the Isle of Pines. They report it to be a wonderful trip, but say that the shark and barracuda are not as hospitable as they are off the Florida Keys.

This last summer we had several pet projects, most of them successfully completed. The first big project tackled was the raising of a 1931 Ford coupe that was in about 60 feet of water in White house stone quarry. It took many hours of work and 5-55 gallon oil drums before the car finally reached the surface, but much knowledge was gained, and fun was had by all who participated.

Project #2 was the forming of our underwater search and rescue team. We have set up a series of exercises and tests, and have purchased ropes, floats, lights and necessary equipment to form a group of this kind, and have them ready to go in case of any emergency. This team associated with the Lucas County Sheriffs office, the Toledo Police Department and the Toledo Fire Department. In the last few months we have received several calls for body recovery and underwater inspection of various lakes and rivers.

We are now well into our winter program. This consists of devising and performing new and more advanced proficiency tests for our more experienced divers in order to keep in top physical shape during the winter months. Our ice spuds and nylon lines are ready for those hardy souls who wish to venture under the ice, too.

To round out our activities for the year we are having an award dinner, preceded by a swim at the Toledo Y.W.C.A. Trophies are to be awarded to the outstanding lung and snorkel divers, male and female and to the person who has been most active in the Toledo diving circles. »

Port Townsend, Washington . . .

PORT TOWNSEND PILE DIVERS

By Robert Bennett

The Port Townsend Pile Divers held their first Annual Northwest Spearfishing meet, Sunday, November 4, 1956. There were seven clubs represented, Puget Sound Mudsharks, Central YMCA, Northwest Divers, Oregon Skin Divers, Reef-Seekers, Bremerton Skin Divers and Port Townsend Pile Divers. The meet was held at the Point Hudson Boat Haven.

The Mudsharks of Seattle took first place trophy with a total of 125 pounds of fish. The team members Gary Keffler, John Tallman and Jim Blaine each received a gold medal with a Sea Horse on it.

The Northwest Divers, also of Seattle, took second place with a total of 69 pounds of fish. The team members Frank Wolff, Mac Russell and John Zunt also received individual Silver Medals.

One of the teams representing the Port Townsend Pile Divers won third place with 64 pounds of fish. The team members were Konrad Schwenke, Dan Walker and Richard Phelps.

Ron Rondell won the biggest fish trophy with a 30 lb. Ling-Cod.

There was a short meeting of all the clubs after the meet, the purpose of the meeting was to form a Council of Divers in Washington State. It will be patterned after a similar organization in California and will represent all the clubs in Washington. Another meeting will be held in Seattle, Wash. in the near future. »

RINERS

Larry Everett
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Brooklyn, N. Y. . . .

REEF WRECKERS

By Michael Bard
Although our club members have been diving together for some time, this is the first year we are diving together as a club. At present we have only seven members but we are looking forward to rapid expansion and we welcome inquiries from all potential divers in our area as well as experienced but as yet un-attached divers. Of our small but active group, five of us have "lungs" and three of us have full suits and underwater photography equipment.

Our newly elected officers are: Michael Bard; Harvey Breslauer; and Dave Hirsch. The club will continue to dive through the winter and we will keep you posted on temperature, etc. We welcome correspondence with any and all clubs. Meetings are held every other Friday at eight o'clock at 50 Kenilworth Place, B'klyn. Please address all mail to Michael Bard. ➤

Chicago, Ill. . . .

CHICAGO AQUA VENTURERS

By Robert M. Hill

The C. A. V. are proud to announce the completion of their new club house. It is 11 by 22 feet and will be heated this winter for the boys who will be working on our boat, the C. A. V. II, which is tied up only four feet away.

The Chicago Vocational High School has again made their pool available for our use this winter, where we pursue our favorite game of underwater hockey.

Our club will now admit three new members who are real devotees—no armchair lungers. If interested phone Portsmouth 7-6711. Good diving, mates. ➤

Chicago, Ill. . . .

MIDWEST DIVERS OF CHICAGO

By Richard H. Reichenbach

Since the last report our club has sponsored many outings to the strip mines, Lake Geneva, Lake Michigan and quarries. With the onset of cold weather we've taken to our cold water suits and found diving as enjoyable as ever. The latest club project has been an underwater sled which has shown remarkable results in tests conducted by Gran and Ed. Omots (Henry) is heading up the boat trailer project, while Jerry and Dick the "foundry men" have been casting weights. Stan, the star fisherman, is showing the club how it is done.

I'm sad to report we've lost one of our best divers, Jerry Van Note, to the U. S. Army. This creates an opening, those interested write 4539 N. Bernard, Chicago. ➤

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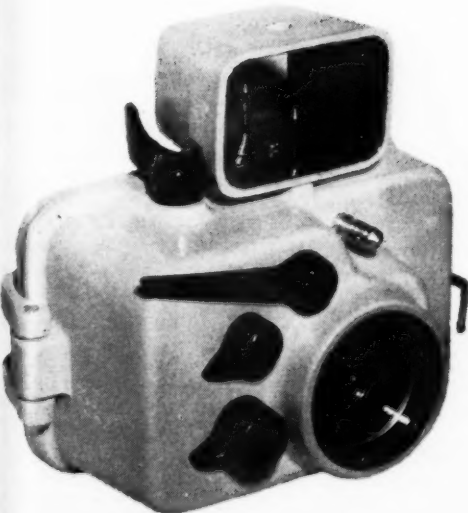
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SKIN DIVER—January, 1957

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San Rafael, California . . .

MARIN SKIN DIVERS CLUB, INC.

By Al Hart

Water temperature: 49 to 54 degrees; visibility from 2 feet to 20 or 25 feet and at times 50 feet. Most of our diving is done in the Bodega Bay and Fort Ross area. Terrific abalone grounds and fair fishing.

On November third we held our annual banquet with movies, dancing and the presentation of awards. Dick Hyland received the "Largest fish (free dive) award," Dr. Robert Keast received the "Largest fish (with lung) award" and Bud Arey hung on to the "Skin diver of the year award" which he has had now for two years. Awards were given to those members that represented the club in the Central Cal Meet at Monterey. Dr. Keast got the Bill Edwards Award, which was given for "Doc's" contributions to science. Al Hart received a Special Award, for his work on the club paper.

Now that the Richmond-San Rafael Bridge has been completed, we invite you divers in the Hayward, Oakland and Richmond area to join us. We hold our meeting the first Monday of each month at the Junior Museum, San Rafael, if you can not make the meetings call Ralph at GL 3-1877.

On October 3rd Dr. Robert Keast appeared on the New York TV Show "I've Got a Secret." His secret was that he was holding his breath . . . and he did for over five minutes on the program. The show was very well presented and skin diving got a good plug. It was brought out that Doc has held his breath for 10 minutes and 58.9 seconds, and is planning to go higher. This spring, coming up, Doc is planning to better his record that he set in March. ➤

Dayton, Ohio . . .

DAYTON "Y" DIVERS

By Tim Koverman

The club is still diving almost every week. We enjoy the winter as much as the summer now. Most divers in our area are using dry suits over heavy under clothing and wet suits, for those who have them. We now have a compressor and a full stock of skin diving equipment. We are ready for the first ice, which we probably have had before this has been published.

We are doing our best to promote skin diving in this area. Anyone interested should see Ray Tussy at the Central Y.M.C.A. in down town Dayton. We can furnish you with compressed air and skin diving instructions.

The club is going to spend Christmas in Florida, soaking up sunshine and spearing sharks. I wonder what the sharks are having for Christmas dinner!!! ➤

South Bend, Indiana . . .

WATER RAIDERS, INC.

By Elnora Brewer

Now that the winter months are well upon us the Water Raiders are in full swing with their winter program. This program includes a weekly swim session at the South Bend Natatorium where the water is nice and warm the winter through without any big changes.

A program for these sessions is being worked out. Most of the members are working on their Proficiency Tests. We have one member, Carl Fisher, who has completed the course.

Two of our Raiders, Tom Nelson and Carl Fisher are now serving Uncle Sam.

Several of our members are taking a trip to Florida and the West Keys the first of the year with the intention of spearing a few big ones besides taking a lot of underwater pictures. Hope they are successful!! ➤

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Lima, Ohio . . .

NEPTUNE'S KNIGHTS UNDERWATER SWIMMING CLUB

By Jock Sutherland

Re-election of officers for the coming year brought Jock Sutherland, Joe Morrissey, and Dr. Bill Sawyer back to office.

The month of October proved exciting for our divers. We had been looking for a car in Fisher's Quarry, Delphos, Ohio—visibility nil. We finally rigged up a magnet on a piece of rope and worked from a boat. This was how we located it and then brought it up. We received letters of recognition from the Chief of Police in Delphos, Ohio, also from the State Highway Patrol.

We are keeping contact with the Dundee Sub-Aqua Club in Scotland who are an extremely active club. ➤

SKIN DIVER—January, 1957

Hartford, Conn. . . .

UNDERWATER SEA DEVILS

By Ronnie Gann

Another unpleasant task was undertaken by the Sea Devils this month. State Police again called upon members of the club to aid in the search for a woman believed drowned. Five members answered the call, and the body was retrieved a few hours later. The club again received recognition for their help, but this kind of recognition we would rather do without.

Pleasure Beach in Waterford was the site of our spearfishing meet this month. An inter-club contest was the "Main Event" with an expensive trophy offered by the Underwater Sports, Inc. to the man with the biggest and best fish of the contest. Eighteen exuberant members made a head-long dash into the 48 degree water, (thank goodness for rubber suits!) with a full hour's time limit for the contest. Bill Daniels emerged the victor with a delectable 7 lb. Black Fish. Bill walked away with the trophy, and we with full bellies.

It doesn't take a Connecticut skin diver long to realize that the water becomes quite (to say the least) cold toward the end of October . . . but with the frigidity comes its compensating factor—clarity. If we are able to keep the icicles from forming on the lenses, the club might seriously undertake a series of films on Connecticut diving activities.

On Sunday, November 11th, the club, along with another local group called again on Pleasure Beach. As can be seen by the picture enclosed, it was a wee bit chilly . . . let's face it, it was d--- cold! A few fish were taken, and everyone got in their requirement of Scuba-time. However, the day ended up roasting hot dogs over an open fire . . . skin divers get cold and hungry too.



Devils to the fire . . . l-r, Bob Richman, Tony Cassano, Ronnie Gann, Jimmy Jacobs and Tom Dutton.

Highland, Indiana . . .

NEPTUNE'S NEPHEWS, INC.

By Robert Hansen

Our club has been organized over a year now and no one has heard from us yet. We have finally got on the ball and we'll be writing regularly.

The cold weather hasn't stopped us yet, as we get out every weekend. The water is clearing up now, and soon we'll be going through the ice again.

We have done a lot of diving around Frankfort, Michigan, and have located a few old wrecks. We are planning a trip there next spring. We have made a couple trips to Onekama, Mich. and dived on the old wreck in Portage Lake, the U.S.S. Music, which sank in 1907. There isn't much left of it as she burned to the water line when she sank.

We would like to hear from any Michigan divers, as we dive a lot in Michigan, and would like to get together sometime. Please write Robert Hansen, 3750 Ridge Road, Highland, Indiana.

SKIN DIVER—January, 1957

Hartford, Connecticut . . .

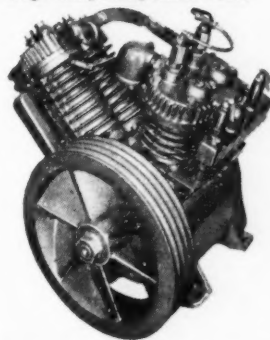
"GILLMEN CLUB"

By Lee Prettyman, Jr.

The "Gillmen Club" of Hartford, Connecticut was established in July of this year with their eye on becoming the best and safest underwater swimming group in the North Atlantic Seaboard. The Club programing, training and water safety instructions were initiated by Lee Prettyman, Jr., who is the Aquatic Director of the Greater Hartford, Y.M.C.A. Club membership was restricted to twenty-five members to insure that each member would receive full benefit from his training. The training consisted of the use of Skin Diving equipment and water safety measures in any event of trouble while skin diving, we have stressed the merits of the buddy-system to the point of each and every man in the club rests assured that he can depend on any member of his group to come to his aid in the event of trouble. Our club has worked diligently on all aspects of Scuba diving, this magazine has been a must for our club's reading and we have learned many valuable pointers from it. We have had the advantage of the Y.M.C.A. pool to practice twice a week using the scuba unit. Each man is required to know his table of decompressions, how to deal with a cramp, to recognize and treat "the bends," CO2 Build-up, Nitrogen Narcosis, and drowning. They must know three (3) methods of artificial respiration, how to carry a lung-diver who is in trouble on the surface, how two men are able to ascend on one lung, to swim with scuba unit underwater without face mask, how to aid a trapped diver, how to clear face-plate underwater, the function and care of their equipment.

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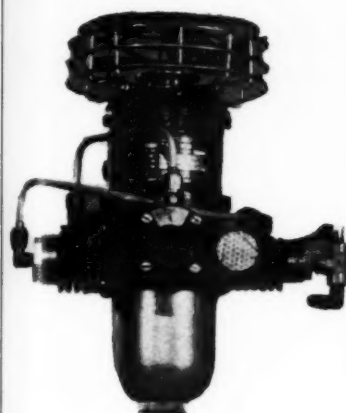
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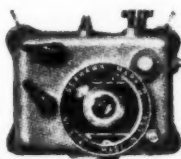
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NOTE: Black Magic Foam Neoprene Cement makes possible easy, quick, on-the-spot repairs on all Healthways Foam Neoprene Suits! Cat. No. 1798 (Retail \$1.00)



PECHE-SPORT VULCANIZED ISOTHERMIC PROFESSIONAL SUITS

Pecche-Sport Isothermic Professional Suit The world's finest professional exposure suit ... used by the United States, British, French and Italian Navy frogman demolition teams. Comes with full length pants, long shirt and hood attached. Includes waistline sealing ring, detachable boots and can of HEALTHWAYS rubber dust. Made of vulcanized foam rubber with millions of tiny air cells ... retains body heat by acting as an insulating blanket! Makes diving possible in almost any water temperature. May be worn with or without underclothing. The ultimate for "cold water" diving! Sensational new 1957 prices! Cat. No. 1701-Small (\$75.00) 1702-Medium (\$75.00) 1703-Large (\$85.00) 1704-Extra Large (\$90.00)

Pecche-Sport Tahiti One-piece Short Suit Made of the same vulcanized foam rubber as Pecche-Sport full suit. Has patented wrap around supporter and belt. Includes can of HEALTHWAYS rubber dust (does not include hood or boots). An ideal short suit. Keeps trunk and vital portions of the body warm even in the coldest water. Allows complete freedom of movement. Cat. No. 1705-Small, 1706-Medium, 1707-Large. (Retail \$39.95)

All components of all HEALTHWAYS suits are sold separately!

HEALTHWAYS ... WORLD'S FINEST MOST COMPLETE LINE OF WATER SPORTS AND SPORTS DIVING EQUIPMENT!

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